

THE LIVING AGE.

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THE RAJAH'S PRIDE.

He who ruled for the English King
Summoned the chiefs to his counsel-
ling.

Princes and governors met at his call,
East with the West, in the council hall.
Never were ranged in a room before
Such wealth of gems as the Rajahs
wore;

The smallest stone in the simplest ring
Was the ransom price of a captured
king.

A prince there was of a petty state,
Least of them all where all were great,
Lacking, it seemed, in the pride as-
signed

By the gracious gods to the lords of
Hind.

A ruby chanced from his chain to fall
On the paven floor of the council hall.
Forgetting his Eastern dignity,
The chief with his henchman bent the
knee,

And searched for the jewel with ner-
vous dread,

While a smile on the English faces
spread.

Beside him, impassive, a Rajah stood,
His rubies of Burmah red like blood,
His emeralds flashing a sea-green fire,
His pearls surpassing a queen's desire;
Yet his rarest jewels less brightly
burned

Than the flame in his eyes when, fierce,
he turned

And noted the deed of the native-born
And the English lips that curled in
scorn.

With a sudden movement light as a
girl's

He snapped a string of his priceless
pearls;

Like hail they scattered; his servants
came

Swift to his aid, but his eyes flashed
flame—

"No!" The word fell like a blade on
the air.

"What is found in the dust is the
sweeper's share!"

Will H. Ogilvie.

The Spectator.

THE RIVER.

Laughs the darling river, hurrying,
dancing onward;

Sorrow she knows of maybe, the
bird's or the bee's;

Or some butterfly weary, its wings
dropped downward.

Caught in a swirling eddy, drowned
in her seas.

Maybe the hedge-sparrow, maybe the
starling,

Hath lost here some sweet thing of
its downy brood.

Never lamb or kid or any woman's dar-
ling

Hath she thought of drowning in her
wildest mood.

From her golden bed set with many a
jewel

No white face starts upward, piteous
to the skies:

None hath sought here rest from sweet
love grown cruel

Hiding a sad secret from the mock-
ing eyes.

Bare she lies to Heaven 'mid her mints
and cresses;

Innocent of evil as a lamb or a child;
The sun and stars love her and the
wind caresses,

Ruffling her little waters so soft and
wild.

Where she slips away by a mossy
boulder

The child dips a rosy foot where she
foams and swirls;

Shows her a darling cheek and a dim-
pled shoulder,

Laughs to see his face in her, set in
its curls.

Here the lamb drinks deep without
fear or fretting:

There are no wolves, no danger for
child or lamb;

Only the Angels of God that are never
forgetting

Keep the child for his mother, the
lamb for his dam.

Katharine Tynan.

The New Witness.

WOMEN AND WAR.

Are women capable of taking a share in National Defence without being either a nuisance or a burden to men? This question the Women's Convoy Corps has during the last few weeks been trying to answer in practical fashion in the Balkans.

As founder and commandant of an organization which for four years has been training women to be of service to the sick and wounded in national emergency, it was impossible to accept the announcement of the British Red Cross Society that the work of nursing the wounded in the Balkans was "not fitted for women." To my mind, this was synonymous with saying that women were not fitted for the work. So though the authorities had decided to send out no women nurses in the detachments dispatched to the various Balkan States, I determined to go out and see for myself whether indeed there was no service which *trained and disciplined* women could render amongst a people whose nursing and surgical resources must in such a crisis be sorely strained. I went to Sofia, the Bulgarian capital, and at once my offer of help was gratefully accepted by the President of the *Croix Rouge* and by Queen Eleonora, who is herself a trained nurse, and was devoting herself heroically day and night to the organization of hospital work all over the country. But to ensure every form of official sanction, I further journeyed to Stara Zagora, at that time the headquarters of the army, to consult the P.M.O.—the Director of the Military Medical Department, and to receive from him direct orders as to the nature of the work he might wish us to perform. He at once showed himself to be a man of discernment and of faith, for he

gladly accepted my offer of service, and asked me where I should like to work? I of course replied, "As near to the front as possible"; and he immediately asked me to improvise a hospital at Kirk-Kilisse, then about to become the new headquarters and advanced base of the triumphant army in Thrace. I have always had a suspicion that his confidence—though confirmed by the assurances of Mr. Noel Buxton, M.P., with whom I had the good fortune to be travelling—was partly inspired by the fact that I could talk French and German, and that I was able at the dinner given by the Mayor in honor of Mr. Buxton, on our arrival at Stara Zagora, to respond in German for the women of England. For the English have in Bulgaria a horrible reputation for ignorance of any language but their own, and the Director seemed to think that a woman who could put a few coherent sentences together in the German tongue might be capable of anything. Anyway, he promptly asked me to cable to the Corps to come to Kirk-Kilisse, as this place, being within the active zone of operations, was in the more pressing need of surgical and nursing aid. I therefore cabled home for those members who had previously been selected, to join me at Sofia, the Balkan War Relief Fund Committee, with Mr. Noel Buxton as Chairman, having sympathetically undertaken to provide the expenses of the journey, whilst friends of the Corps at home generously contributed towards the equipment of surgical necessities, blankets, stores, &c. Meantime, whilst awaiting the arrival of the Convoy Corps I went on to Jamboli, further to study the working of emergency hospitals. In one instance I found, improvised in the

buildings of a large boys' school—a hospital with 250 beds in the charge of one surgeon and five sisters. And I was present when at 9 p.m. a convoy of bullock carts arrived, bringing an additional cargo of 300 wounded. It was a pouring wet night, and the condition of these men as they hobbled in or were deposited in stretchers on the floor of the large entrance-hall, having been jolted for days in open ox-carts from Lüle Burgas, their wounds untended, was indescribable. Indescribable, also, were my feelings as in the surgery into which the men streamed to have their wounds dressed I saw the herculean task of those five overworked but calm and heroic sisters, and I realized that at home hundreds of skilled and disciplined nurses who had offered their services had been told there was "no work for women in the Balkans."

It was therefore with eager impatience to start work that I returned to Sofia to meet the Corps, and to arrange with the *Croix Rouge* for additional items of equipment, which they generously provided. Our "mission," as it was called by the Bulgarians, numbered sixteen, and included, besides myself, three doctors (women): Drs. Hutchison, Tudor, and Ramsbotham; two Sisters, Miss V. Adams and Miss P. Gadsden; four other trained nurses, and six members for general duty as dressers, nurses, cooks, &c. On the arrival of the Corps at Sofia, we were all invited to the Palace by the Queen, who talked sympathetically with all in turn on the different duties each was about to undertake. The two young princesses, looking charming in simple frocks trimmed with Bulgarian embroidery, were also present, and told us how they, too, were helping in the general cause by making bread which they themselves took every day to the soldiers in the hospitals. The Queen then gave us

each a signed photo of herself and of the Princesses, and the next morning at the station as we left Sofia, she most thoughtfully sent a messenger with farewell greetings and a case of provisions for our long train journey to Jamboli; for owing to the line being cut near Adrianople, this place was to be our point of departure for Kirk-Kilissee.

The lines going north and south were, of course, monopolized by military trains, and at every station the horrors of war were impressed upon us. For whilst the trucks going south were full of strong vigorous men, fine specimens of Bulgarian manhood, all eager to get to the front to strike for the freedom of their brethren, and shouting enthusiastically the National *Shumi Maritza*, the trucks going north were crammed full of human wreckage returning from the front, and on its way to the various evacuation hospitals along the line. And as the heavily laden trains slowly passed each other, the salutations between those who, maimed and crippled, had already faced death and those who were now on their way to meet whatever the fate of war might bring, must have moved even the stoutest heart. But one of the many evils of war is that there is no time to think of its horrors, and there is danger of assuming that because such things are, they therefore must be.

We had expected at Jamboli to be able to take in a stock of eatables for the seven days' trek to Kirk-Kilissee, but even the friendly offices of the Commandant and his wife who accompanied us in our raid upon the shops, failed to provide us with more than a few sour brown loaves, two boxes of sardines, and a couple of hundred eggs. Any other food there may have been in this ramshackle old village had been consumed long ago by the streams of soldiers on their

way to and from the front. But *à la guerre comme à la guerre*, and there was nothing for it but to trust to finding food in the villages *en route*. We were fortunate in procuring six excellent interpreters, four young men and two Bulgarian girl teachers, who talked good English, to help us not only with the journey, but with our future Bulgarian patients in the wards; and after having with some difficulty secured forty ox-carts, twenty-eight for our equipment and luggage and twelve for ourselves, two people in each wagon, we began our march across the roadless Rhodope mountains and the rolling plains of Thrace.

Of our drivers, about two-thirds were Bulgarians and the rest Bulgarian Turks. These were kept in order by an escort of two soldiers and two policemen, who marched alongside with fixed bayonets. On one occasion one of the drivers had a narrow escape from being bayoneted for insubordination, but otherwise they gave no trouble.

The carts, small and narrow, were each drawn by two white oxen or by buffaloes, the leading cart carrying the Bulgarian flag—red, green, and white. They were open except for an inefficient straw mat across the top, and at night when it froze, or rained, or blew a hurricane, the draughts were of an interesting variety. The sides of the carts sloped to a narrow ridge in the middle, and though in theory this was covered with hay or straw, as a matter of practice the oxen invariably ate the bedding by day, and so sleep for two, even lying sardine fashion, heads and feet alternately, was a little difficult. But a point of greater interest from day to day was whether or not we should come to a village where food could be procured. Most of the villages beyond the frontier had been either burned by the Turks or were deserted, and food, even sour brown

bread, was difficult to find. But this, together with sheep's milk cheese, was requisitioned where procurable—as we were now a part of the Bulgarian army—and we ate with appetite whatever we could get.

One red-letter day we raided (against payment) a hen-roost, apparently the only one in Thrace, and that night we had a rare feast. We had no cooking-pots, but we threaded six fowls on a long stick supported over the camp-fire by two iron rods taken from one of the ox yokes, and whilst the villagers collected round us and told us stories of the battle which had taken place around the village, and talked with heroic resignation of the destitution which stared them and their children in the face, we hungrily ate roast chicken with appetite sauce. We were outspanned that evening on a high plateau surrounded by rocky hills, like those of Dartmoor, which commanded an extensive view over the vast plains in which Adrianople is centred. As the crow flies we were not far distant from the besieged city, and we were saddened by the nerve-racking sound of the booming of the big guns at Adrianople, for we knew that every rumble of those cannon and every flash of those spiteful fires as they blazoned forth into the darkness, meant brave men killed, or worse still, maimed and shattered, and homes made desolate. And all that night searchlights swept the sky and penetrated the recesses of our ox-carts, an additional reminder that we were well within the area of war. Close by us, too, but mercifully hidden by the darkness, were lying even at that moment the corpses of many Turks still unburied, and the lightly covered bodies of many brave Bulgarians who had been killed in battle around this village.

Next morning the oxen were in-spanned whilst it was still dark. The Bulgarian ox-driver is, compared to

the Kaffir boy, strangely silent, and the only sound as the little procession slowly moved off into the darkness was squish, squish, as the wheels of the swaying carts forced their way through the miracles of mud which marked the track. I should like to have been able to paint my impression of that procession of rough ox-carts as revealed by the light of the dawn. Grey carts, white oxen, led in silence by Bulgarian and Turkish peasants, also grey and white with their white *navushta* and grey clothing, defiling between the grey rocks of a narrow gorge and freighted, not with Turkish or Bulgarian merchandise, but with British women who, themselves emblematic of the dawn of a new day, and without thought of fear or discomfort, had thrown off the shackles of civilization and were jolting peacefully towards a Turkish town, there to render service to those in need. Progress was, of course, slow, as the track which had been traversed by many thousand soldiers moving to the front and by many thousand bullock wagons bringing back the shattered remnants, was very rough, and in places over the axles deep in mud; but even at the rate of one and a-half kilometres an hour, the trek, which lasted seven days, came to an end at last, and we found ourselves at Kirk-Kilisse—called by the Bulgarians Losengrad, the town of the vines—eager to start work.

We presented ourselves at the headquarters of the Commandant to receive our orders. These were simple. We were to select from amongst the deserted houses of this conquered Turkish town any empty buildings we deemed fit for conversion into hospitals for the wounded. Before dark we were lucky enough to find three large houses facing each other on each side of a narrow and, as usual, nameless street, and a fourth house in which bedrooms for the staff could be obtained, all ob-

viously Turkish houses with the windows protected by harem casements.

The next morning at daybreak our bullock-wagons discharged their burden of beds, blankets, surgical necessities, stores, &c., beds were put up, sack mattresses sewn and filled with straw, packing-cases were converted into chairs and tables, empty bottles into candlesticks, the rooms were scrubbed and cleaned, and within thirty hours the Women's Convoy Corps hospital was a going concern, for already lines of bullock-wagons from the fields of Chatalja and Lüle Burgas were drawn up at the doors, and human remnants shattered in arms, legs, heads, everywhere, were being taken out of the carts and carried on stretchers and in handseats to our new wards. Here our doctors, sisters, and nurses took the patients in charge and distributed them, the more severely injured in the beds as far as these were available; and when these gave out, the weary wounded who had travelled for many days in exposed ox-carts over rough country, their wounds untended, were placed on sack mattresses in the halls, corridors, out-houses, in every available space, there to have their tattered, blood-stained garments removed and their wounds dressed.

And from that moment any doubt which may have existed as to the wisdom of allowing English women to nurse and doctor Bulgarian and Turkish soldiers was dispelled. The patients themselves were loud in gratitude and approval of the manner in which they were handled, and on the other side the doctors and nurses can never speak too highly of the delicacy, courtesy, and chivalry shown by their Bulgarian patients. When, finally, after seven weeks of hospital work, we decided that there was no further need for our services, and that there was no longer any work with which the

local authorities could not deal, some of our patients wept. And when those who had to be transferred to another hospital were told that they would be as well cared for as they had been with us, they shook their heads and said, "No, we shall only be looked after now by fathers; you are mothers, and that is much better."

We were fortunate enough to lose only one patient, though we treated in all 729 cases, mostly Bulgarians. Of these about 80 per cent were peasants, owning from twenty to 500 dekkars of land. We had eighty-four beds in fourteen wards, and our hospital contained, besides the operating theatre, offices, dining-room for staff, &c., an out-patients' dispensary to which soldiers who were not actually bedridden came daily to have their wounds, generally of a ghastly nature, dressed. Shrapnel, grenade, Mauser, and Mannlicher bullets, each told its graphic tale, the Turkish Mauser being the most merciful in its effects. But the men bore the bullets no grudge, and as these were extracted invariably held out their hands for the prized mementos.

But the work of the hospital did not consist only of doctoring and nursing the patients. They had also to be fed, and the work of the kitchen staff, headed by Mrs. Godfrey, was by no means the least laborious. We could requisition as much sour brown bread, sugar, cheese, salt, tea and meat as we required for the use of ourselves and patients, but meat meant whole carcasses of tough bullock and sheep which had to be skinned and cut up and dealt with entirely by the three lady cooks, who every day, with no apparatus except an open fireplace and large stew-pots, did all the cooking for 120 people, and—it must be added—to the entire satisfaction of the patients, who continually sent complimentary messages to the kitchen. But appreciation

and gratitude were everywhere accorded us, not only by our patients, but by all the authorities, the Governor-General, the P.M.O. Generals, military *attachés*, hospital and other officials, who frequently visited the hospital and took the greatest interest in our work, affording us every facility in their power. That there were difficulties in a work conducted in empty buildings in a Turkish town with problems of sanitation, language, scarcity of food, &c., to be combated, is not to be denied. There may also have been some hardships and privations which women are not usually called upon to face. Yet the spirit with which these were encountered by the women with whom I was privileged to work has, I think, established the fact that, though untrained and undisciplined women are *not* wanted anywhere, *trained and disciplined women are*, in a national emergency and without being a burden on men, fitted for any work under any conditions, wherever alleviation of suffering is the object. As Commandant of the Women's Convoy Corps, I am grateful that owing to the sympathetic help of Mr. Noel Buxton's Committee and of the good friends of the Corps, British women have, if only to a small extent, been represented in the work of helping to relieve the sufferings of the Balkan peoples in their brave struggle for freedom.

Nevertheless, I am impressed with the conviction that war is an unmitigated evil. Are we solely animals, or is there a spiritual element? Is the religion of Christianity a mere aspiration? Are the philosophies of Bergson, Eucken, and of those of us who believe in the evolution of Spirit only an intellectual bubble? This thought harassed me continually as I saw all day long, on the one hand the butchered bullocks in the kitchen, and on the other the butchered human beings

in the wards. If we *do* believe that evolution is to be along spiritual lines, surely it is preposterous to assert that the only means to progress and the evolution of nations is by the butchery of the bodies of our bravest men, and by the starvation of innocent women and children! Hitherto, as a rule, it has only been those who are interested in the continuance of war who have had an opportunity of studying its conditions. I now, therefore, at the risk of ridicule, wish to record my impression, as I

The Contemporary Review.

feel it would be an added danger to the world if women on their entrance to this new sphere of work should seem by their silence to condone the horrors and indignities to which war subjects human beings. And the impression branded indelibly on my mind is this: It is time that the world made up its mind as to whether or not it believes in the reality of Spirit. And if we *do* believe in a spiritual evolution for mankind, then we must no longer tolerate war as a tragedy—we must condemn it as a crime.

M. A. Stobart.

THE TRAINING OF A QUEEN.

There is a certain irony in the fact that the century which more than any other produced revolutionary changes in the standing of women, and in the ideas current about them, was in this country identified with a woman who, rigid in many directions, was nowhere so rigid or so unchanging as in her attitude towards her own sex. It is too early yet to get an unbiased view of Queen Victoria in relation to her work, or to strike a balance between the limitations belonging to her character and those imposed upon her by tradition; we can only note the singular paradox of her life. That she was in training for her task from an early age would be evident enough from this Journal, were it not already known. But the training, though it aimed at a single and clearly defined object, was confused and contradictory in itself. The young Princess knew that she was to rule over her country, and she was encouraged to take a high view of the sacredness of the charge. Simultane-

ously she learnt, not only by direct precept, which is the least part of education, but from all the ideas and influences surrounding her, that the charge was one which must bring her into direct conflict with the sacred laws governing her duty as a woman. Only a skilled casuist could have done justice to the ethics of her position. A Quaker divinely called to lead a military expedition would find himself in much the same case; conscience would impose upon him duties which would be crimes in his fellow religionists as well as repugnant to his own feelings. All rulers are exempt to some degree from the laws of conduct binding ordinary men. Queen Victoria was so exempt to a degree that was extraordinary if not unnatural.

The discrepancy between her actual and her theoretical obligations might have produced inconvenient results upon a mind more speculative or more sensitive to mental climates. Man, as philosophers inform us, is so constituted that by telling him he is a fool you may make him believe he is one. Had Victoria been placed in France or Russia or some other country where ideas react more immediately upon

* "The Girlhood of Queen Victoria. A Selection from Her Majesty's Diaries," 1832-1840. Edited by Viscount Esher. Two vols. London: Murray, 1912.

"Correspondence of Sarah Spencer, Lady Lyttelton," 1787-1870. Edited by the Hon. Mrs. Hugh Wyndham. London: Murray, 1912.

life, she might easily have been convinced by all that she read, heard, and dutifully accepted about women, that she could not by any means fulfill her task. As it was, with a truly British knack of separating views from conduct, she mounted the throne with an alacrity and self-confidence that amazed those who were more accustomed to consider what women should be than what they could be or were. How the Queen herself, then and afterwards, reconciled her active exercise of authority with the views she is known to have held about feminine duty, is a problem before which curiosity must retire unsatisfied. From time to time she expressed herself with dogmatic force upon the subject, but apparently she never attempted to examine the ground of her conviction, or to pursue the anomalies of her case to their logical conclusion. Probably she took the more pious course of regarding herself as an exception created by inscrutable Providence for some good but not-to-be-questioned purpose, as a man separates his mother or his daughter from the great mass of women, condemned by nature to be either rakes or dolls.

That this was her attitude is amusingly apparent in some of her talk with Lord Melbourne, whose views about women may be described as classical. Except on one point, they fitted in very comfortably with the Queen's notions of things. No woman should touch pen and ink, Melbourne assures her; and he gives as the reason that women have "too much passion and too little sense." These faults are more likely to disqualify a queen than a writer; and the Queen's meek acquiescence would seem to imply that, in her own view, she was fit only to register automatically the decrees of those with less passion and more sense than herself. It did in fact imply nothing of the sort, because she es-

caped from the dilemma by the simple expedient of endorsing the criticism as regards women in general, and firmly rejecting it in the case of the Queen. Drastic as were Melbourne's generalizations on this side, his detailed judgments—as witnessed by some of his comments on history quoted by the Queen—were considerably more enlightened and sympathetic than hers. It is not good for anyone to be self-separated from his fellows; and there can be little doubt that the Queen's character to some extent suffered because, being a queen, the ideas of the time compelled her to be also a super-woman. The autocratic element in her was certainly not diminished by her practice of regarding herself as a being in more ways than one removed from the common lot. But the blame for any regrettable results must be divided between her and the old-fashioned ideas about women which coincided with her advent to the throne.

With her training on the purely intellectual side the Queen in after years expressed some discontent. Her information was slight, no doubt, as appears clearly enough from the candid pages of her Journal; but perhaps the Dean of Chester and her other teachers were not altogether in fault. Neither here nor elsewhere is there much evidence of her possessing a disinterested love of knowledge, or any great capacity to gain experience from books. Life at first hand, rather than through books, was her concern; and it is probable that, like most women of a practical and positive turn of mind, she only learnt with ease and profit under a directly utilitarian incentive. For the most part, her remarks upon her studies show her interest in them to have been narrowly specialized; reading in history or in Shakespeare, for instance, becoming strictly a means of discovering the good and bad quali-

ties of rulers in the past, with the lessons to be learnt from them for a 19th century purpose. Still more to her taste was the contemplation, under the guidance of her uncle Leopold ("who governs Belgium so beautifully"), of living Kings and Queens, and of the constitutions under which they ruled their countries, France, Spain, or Portugal. From the time she was fifteen, Princess Victoria began to express herself upon public affairs and to learn the vocabulary of her craft. This, and her wonderful habits of industry and of accurate observation and statement, were probably the best that she gained from her bringing up. They were not exciting acquisitions, but she might have done worse; and without them it is possible that her enthusiasm would not so easily have survived the drudgery of her office. With what zest she came to it is shown in her Journal—"I have immensely to do, but I like it very much . . . I *de-light* in this work."

By a pleasant coincidence the successful Queen who sincerely believed that women were not made to govern, got her most masterly schooling at the hands of an instructor who thought it "tiresome to educate and tiresome to be educated." Lord Melbourne wore his scholarship and his practised knowledge of men and affairs with a negligent ease which, while it did not deceive, no doubt commended itself to his royal pupil. With all her docility and willingness to learn, Victoria was fastidious about ways and means. The Journal records some girlish strictures upon Croker for his superior tone and want of tact which remind us that the writer in after years was to quarrel with the most powerful of her Prime Ministers because he talked to her as if she were a public meeting. Lord Melbourne's method, if method it can be called, did not err on the side of superiority. His expressed views upon

systematic education were of the rather sceptical nature which still appeals to the majority of his countrymen: "My opinion is it doesn't much matter *what* is taught, so long as what's taught is *well* taught." The Normal Schools of which there was talk in the spring of 1839 would, he thought, "breed the most conceited set of blockheads ever known;" and "the education of circumstances was the best." These are views and prejudices calculated to reassure the half-cultured. From the first the Queen put herself unreservedly in the hands of her Prime Minister who was also her private secretary and tutor. His "honest, blunt and amusing" manner not only won her liking but gave her a sense of security, of which she felt a peculiar need in a world which she had already recognized as one of deceit. His politics seemed to her perfectly in accord with those of her uncle Leopold, so that she had no hesitation in accepting them as "the best there are." She took unremitting pains to make his knowledge her own, unhindered by petty vanities. She was not ashamed to ask questions, nor to confess when she had not understood. "I said I was so stupid I must ask him to explain again. He explained like a kind father would do to his child."

There was no end to the things he had to explain. One day it was the Civil List and the Household Expenditure ("his ideas about all these things are so reasonable and so excellent"); on another a difficult question of Army administration, upon which it would be his duty to offer a decided opinion, though "the Army is a department of government I do not very well understand;" on a third would be explained "in the clearest manner" the principles of Colonial policy ("an Empire like this cannot stand still—it must go on or slip back"), the position of the Irish Church, or "another question of great

difficulty, which is the Ballot." There were besides Foreign Affairs, incessantly, and the stock business of administration—Revenue, Education, Poor-laws, and from time to time what Ministers were about to discuss in the Cabinet; "it's right you should know." In addition to the state papers which Lord Melbourne thought it necessary to read to her himself in his fine soft voice, there were boxes of dispatches for her to look through, and important letters that she must see, so that both she and her Minister sometimes confessed themselves quite "muzzed" with reading. The Queen worked hard in her own thorough and uncompromising fashion; and, as the instruction proceeded and was assimilated, Lord Melbourne, besides placing before her his decided opinion, began to ask also for hers. Thus, in connection with the offer of the Irish Mastership of the Rolls to O'Connell, she states that he asked her twice over if she had any particular feeling about it.

Of more importance than familiarity with the subject matter of government was it to acquire the right tone and attitude proper to the constitutional ruler of England. Here Lord Melbourne had some advantage over King Leopold, who was perhaps more learned in constitutions than in the temper of the English people. Almost every page of these volumes, from the date of the Queen's accession, proves how singularly happy was the accident which brought the young and impressionable Queen at the outset of her career under the influence of this one mind. Saxon, Lord Melbourne defined his ancestry in answer to a question of the Queen. However that may be, he possessed those virtues and that combination of qualities and defects which are generally regarded as belonging to the soil, and in particular a tolerant, easy-going wisdom and humor that give to his mind and speech a cer-

tain outline shapely, sweet and amusing, as Gilbert White saw that of the Sussex Downs. His equability appealed from the first to the Queen, who more than once singles out for approval his "quietness." There was in her also, however far her practice at times might fall below her theory, a natural love of soberness and moderation; and she agreed with her Minister in liking to carry these qualities into the higher regions, so that, when he declared that in religion he valued above all "what is tranquil and stable," she was able to go with him as well as in his dislike of the hair-splitting controversies which puzzle the mind. Their views about right and wrong might not always tally, but they were both equally persuaded that there could not be anybody who did not know the difference between right and wrong.

Melbourne's attitude towards the monarchy was a characteristic compound of homeliness and reverence. Though, unlike Sir Robert Peel, he was accustomed to talk to kings and knew the whole family and exactly what to say to them, he held transcendental views of the office that were in accord with her own. With tears in his eyes and most emphatically he repeated to her Eldon's words: "The King of England is always King; King in the helplessness of infancy, King in the decrepitude of age." There was in the main the preliminary sympathy between mentor and pupil which Melbourne himself declared to be essential to effective teaching. The rest he accomplished by a process so smooth as to be barely decipherable. It was not instruction so much as himself that he gave her. She found it interesting to converse with him on all subjects; and there was no subject from which she could not extract from him something shrewd or wise that stuck to her memory. The Court after dinner amused themselves with Cup and Ball, and the

Bandelore, and Lord Melbourne succeeded with the former. "He said the only way to do it was 'perfect steadiness, patience, perseverance and tranquillity,—which is the only way to do anything.'" On the palace tables were illustrated books, "Portraits of the Female Aristocracy," "Portraits of the Characters concerned in the French Revolution," "Sketches of the People and Country of the island of New Zealand"; and "these sorts of things" it was the Queen's delight to put before him, and to draw out his clever and funny remarks. One Sunday evening at Windsor they ran through "all sorts of famous people" from John Knox to Mme. de Staël.

"It is quite a *delight* for me to hear him speak about all these things; he has such *stores* of knowledge; such a wonderful memory; he knows about everybody and everything; *who* they were, and *what* they did; and he imparts all his knowledge in such a *kind* and agreeable manner; it does me a *world* of good." ("Diaries," i, 305.)

The use the Queen made of her Prime Minister's brains was certainly comprehensive. When the mysteries of constitutional government and the elements of polite knowledge were disposed of, he had to turn his mind to new modes of doing the hair and new gowns, to give his opinion upon the Queen's striped dress and her cherry-colored silk. Some of the entries contrast oddly with the later austerities of the Court. In response to complaints that she was spending too much money out of the country, the Queen protested that she positively must have some French things. She insisted on putting off a fixed journey to Windsor because the royal wardrobe could not be packed in time; Lord Melbourne, she was sure, couldn't have an idea of the number of things women had to pack and take. She had a desire to keep a monkey and gratified it, while

another of her pets was the occasion of the one recorded instance in which Lord Melbourne earned her serious displeasure. Tired, under the cloud of an approaching crisis, and disinclined for after-dinner conversation, he so far allowed his humor to get the better of him as to call the Scotch terrier Islay "a dull dog," "which really makes me quite angry." Very prettily sometimes the parts of guardian and ward were reversed, and the Queen addressed maternal remonstrances to her Minister on the subject of his health and diet, or scolded him for talking lightly about religion. "I have often had doubts about you—have often suspected you." "Not of heterodoxy," he protested, conscious of the patristic theologians—"those old fellows" piled in tomes upon his bedroom floor.

It is one of the charms of the Journal that the Queen never obscures the woman; but there was an element in the Queen's youth not to be expressed by any purely feminine adjective. "Gallant" is the word that rises to the mind as one after another she breasts the difficulties of her extraordinarily difficult position. "How anyone in your situation can have a moment's tranquillity!" exclaimed Lord Melbourne. The Queen's peace of mind was not unbroken. Once at least there is confession of "nerves," loss of appetite and tears at night. But uppermost was composure and a healthy delight in clearing obstacles. Lady Lyttelton, who was present at the prorogation of Parliament in August 1839, contrasts the Queen's secret nervousness with the clarity of her voice, its rich, sustained quality, and some other characteristic which she can only describe as "gentlemanlike." Amongst the duties which made her life, as Lord Melbourne remarked, rather an unnatural one for a young person, was that of reviewing her troops. By general consent she looked her best on these occa-

sions, in her Windsor uniform habit and cap, and mounted upon a white horse. With her uniform she put on a new emotion. "I felt for the first time like a man, as if I could fight at the head of my troops." She confided jokingly to King Leopold her regret that she could not wear a real uniform. He replied it was a great pity she was not a Prince, and the Queen said she thought so too. It is easy to believe that, with whatever outbreak of feeling afterwards, the Queen at this time in her interviews with Ministers was "very much collected, civil and high." People gave her the reputation of being stern and decided; and it is indeed noticeable that after the short and stormy episode of the "Bedchamber Plot," while her Prime Minister was "very much excited the whole evening—talking to himself and pulling his hair about," the Queen was calm because "her mind felt happy."

For a while she seems to have agreed with Palmerston in liking power and finding it very pleasant, and perhaps she felt some of its intoxication. She was also, as a young man with his first regiment or his first brief, in love with her profession, and prepared to make any sacrifice for it. Then, if ever, she was in touch with her great predecessor, Elizabeth. She had visions of a like solitary grandeur. "I dreaded the thought of marrying. I was so accustomed to have my own way." "I wished, if possible, never to marry." Fortunately for her she had at her side an adviser whose patriotism was above personal considerations, and who had, moreover, not without reason, the greatest horror of women in any way eccentric or extravagant. The Duke of Wellington complained that Melbourne joked too much with the Queen, and tempted her to take too lightly things which are very serious. Marriage was not one of them. All the conversations on the subject reported

by the Queen show marked gravity on his side. He was more conscious than she of its hazards. "It's a very serious thing, both as it concerns the political effect and your own happiness." Some of the difficulties appeared almost insurmountable. A foreign prince would not be popular, nor would a subject be liked; whoever was chosen, he must not be stupid, nor yet too clever; in short, "if one were to *make* a man one would hardly know what to make." On the other hand, not to marry, as the Queen proposed, would be a very unnatural state of things, and "nothing's right that's unnatural." Want of naturalness was not amongst the Queen's faults. With all her talk and her reachings this way and that, it is clear that, whether she knew it or not, she was in the mood to marry, or at least in the unsettled, unsatisfied state of feeling which commonly ends in marriage.

Excess of political excitement brought reaction and a desire for more normal pleasures. The Queen threw herself with all her heart into the Court festivities arranged in honor of the Grand Duke Alexander of Russia, "a dear, delightful young man," with whom his hostess declared herself "really a little in love," and whose departure made her infinitely sorry. She confided to the ever sympathetic Melbourne that a young person must *sometimes* have young people to laugh with, if only to remind her of what she is apt to forget—that she, too, is young. "Nothing more natural," replied the Minister, not without sadness. She discovered also that she needed more dancing, and that she got so tired of politics and hearing nothing but politics. On October 9, 1839, the young Princes of Coburg arrived at Windsor. A week later the Queen's marriage was settled, and she was already learning in a new school. Dearest Albert "looked over my shoulder

and watched me writing . . . and scraped out some mistakes I had made."

From the lofty heights of young wifehood and motherhood, the Queen looked back upon this, the most dramatic year of her life, and pronounced its joys and sorrows to be artificial. Lord Melbourne's feeling is not to be precisely gathered from these pages. Partly, we may suppose, it would be that of a man who leaves the purest work of his life unfinished, partly that of a Prospero about to lose Miranda. The Journal, as it draws to an end, notes that he was not well, which he attributed to "age and that constant care." If his life were to begin again, he fancied that he would go in mainly for amusing himself and would eschew politics altogether. At the marriage ceremony, "Lord Melbourne, good man, seemed much affected." Afterwards came an affectionate leave-taking; "'God bless you, ma'am' . . . with such a kind look." This is the Queen's conclusion; but a trifling incident of a few months earlier, casually reported, seems to find its place here.

"Talked of Lord Melbourne's having had his umbrella in the room . . . He replied, laughing, 'You should never quit your umbrella when it rains.' 'What use was it in a close carriage?' I said. 'Might be upset,' he said; 'I might want to get out; suppose I might be stopped and put out of the carriage, which may happen one of these days—at least leave me the umbrella to go on with,' he said, laughing so much." ("Diaries,") ii. 223.)

To turn from the Journal to Lady Lytton's letters is to become aware of some of the results of the Queen's differentiation between her own and other women's duties which has already been noticed. The very strong dislike of women "mixing in politics," which she retained throughout her life, dates from the first years of her reign;

and the vigor of her remarks on the subject seems to have caused Melbourne some amusement. In her view, people made too much of women and were too much under their influence; and he was put to it to defend his dinners with Lady Holland. The Queen was particularly incensed at the idea of Cabinet Ministers confiding in their wives, and was in no way appeased by Melbourne's genial maxim that everybody told everything to somebody. The need to tell was a weakness she did not share and had little sympathy with. If she spoke, it was her nature, as she told Lord Melbourne, to "speak up her feelings," even though doing so might get her into trouble; but it was as easy for her to be silent. The reserved attitude towards her ladies, which was thought so remarkable in one of her age, probably did not cost her very much. If she never talked to them about the things which most interested her, this was not only for State reasons, but because her interest was largely in matters with which other women, she thought, had no concern. The Queen's household virtues and womanliness were so conspicuous, and "womanliness" is still so much associated with ideas of seclusion and leisure, that it is easy to forget that she was also a woman of affairs, and an immensely busy one. Very early in the diary the writer began to recognize that a great deal of business for the State was to be so much her daily portion that she need not stop to mention it. And nothing more impresses one with a sense of her capacity and power than the ease with which she kept separate the duties of State and home. She led, in fact, a double life; and from one half of it, partly through a sense of public duty, partly because of her private prejudices, women were religiously excluded. It follows, since her mind was so much given to her work,

that she did not fully express herself in her intercourse with women; and they, on their side, were apt to underrate her ability because the greater part of it was withdrawn from their observation.

It is clear enough, for instance, from the general tone of Lady Lyttelton's letters, that the Queen was abler, more intelligent and more experienced in the eyes of Melbourne, statesman and man of the world, than in those of her charming and accomplished lady-in-waiting. To the Prime Minister she was a woman who sometimes slipped back into the child but was not childish; to Lady Lyttelton she was chiefly a child trying to be a woman. There is a tinge of kindly patronage in her allusions to the Queen's efforts to improve her mind. "On our drive home she read a *lesson-book* . . . very attentively and goodly to herself." "Our Queen listening like a good child," learning trees and plants . . . "last year she did not know an elm from an oak." "The Queen seems always afraid," she observed on a visit to Woburn in 1841, "like a girl just out of school, of asking questions about pictures and portraits for fear of being thought ignorant." It grieved Lady Lyttelton, as it grieved others, that the Queen did not shine in conversation, and that brilliant remarks were sometimes wasted upon her. "The Queen seemed more struck (by a *bon mot* of Dr Hawtrey) than I ever saw her at anything really clever." Affectionately loyal as she was to her Queen, Lady Lyttelton evidently gave her unqualified admiration to the Queen's husband, from whose rooms of an evening ascended the most exquisite harmonies upon the organ, "the first of instruments, the only for expressing one's feelings—and it teaches to play—for on the organ a *mistake!* oh! such a misery."

True to his nation and to the beliefs

of the day, Prince Albert was presently to usher in the millennium of universal education. Meanwhile there was "rather a raised" tone of conversation at Windsor and at Osborne; natural history, naval matters and many "bits of information" came to the front; while Bishop Wilberforce, surpassing himself, contrived to interest the Queen in astronomy. Whether this slightly rarefied atmosphere, where mistakes stood out in all their naked misery, was that in which the Queen's nature, with its singular blend of mental grip and clearness of vision, with an almost total lack of the articulate reasoning processes, could most freely and fruitfully develop, it is perhaps permissible to doubt. It is in any case very possible to exaggerate the importance of "really clever" accomplishments; and the feelings of compassion and hopelessness and fears for the future, which their absence and some other deficiencies in the Queen's educational equipment inspired in her lady-in-waiting, were fortunately not justified by the event. To his royal mistress's laments over her ignorance Melbourne used to reply, "You know quite enough"; and, when the sum total of her personality and work is gathered up, that will be the final verdict.

Lady Lyttelton was more alive to the Queen's specifically moral qualities, to her bravery, simplicity and overflowing affection. She noted the "vein of iron that runs through the most extraordinary character," and paid a fine tribute to that trait in it which invariably impressed those who came in contact with her.

"There is a transparency in her truth that is very striking—not a shade of exaggeration in describing feelings and facts; like very few other people I ever knew. Many may be as true, but I think it goes often along with some reserve. She talks it all out; and

just as it is, no more and no less" (p. 331).

The Queen's single-mindedness shines through these early journals, and gives them, as Lord Esher rightly points out, a peculiar and unusual value amongst documents of the kind. So artless and unselfconscious is the narrative that one is tempted to believe it was written without any particular care or premeditation, but occasional comments such as: "these are *nearly* his words," "these are not *exactly* his words, I *think*," show that it was not so. Fidelity to her subject was the Queen's sole aim, and she took deliberate pains to secure it. The exact process in her mind is not discoverable, nor the dividing line where the moral quality becomes an intellectual one, but the result is of high value. Melbourne lives in these pages. The contrast between his crisp, emphatic sentences and her own diffuse and rather colorless expression is not a little curious. The Queen, like most of her feminine contemporaries, was much at the mercy of the underlining habit, and loved to emphasize the unimportant word; but, when she gave Melbourne italics, they were given in the right place. Her truthfulness served her well, but one remembers also that she confessed to an inclination to imitate handwritings and people, and that mimicry was a characteristic of George IV. Sometimes the Queen reported better than she knew: "Spoke of Russia and the difficulty to act against it; 'she retires into inaccessibility,' said Lord Melbourne, 'into her snows and frosts.'" Something in the fall of the words sets one dreaming of the man behind his laughter. "The rooks are my delight . . . I could sit looking at them for an hour." Faithfully the Queen writes it down, though it is a taste she does not share and indeed thinks surprising. Here is the picture of an evening at Windsor

in the winter of 1839 (II, 304):

"After this some new Assam Tea, which Sir J. Hobhouse had sent me, was brought in, and I gave Lord Melbourne a printed paper which had been sent me with it, which he read out loud and so funnily; there was the opinion of a *Dr. Lum Qua* quoted, which name put him into paroxysms of laughter, from which he couldn't recover for some time, and which did one good to hear. After this I said to him he had been so very kind about all that matter which vexed me so yesterday. 'The advantage of Monarchy is unity,' Lord Melbourne said, 'which is a *little* spoilt by two people—but that must be contended against.' 'I've no doubt,' he continued, 'that is what kept Queen Elizabeth from marrying; but you mustn't think that I advocate that; I think that's not right, it's unnatural, and nothing's right that's unnatural.' I said I was certain that Albert wouldn't interfere. 'Oh! I haven't the slightest doubt that he won't interfere,' he replied warmly; and I added that that was the very reason why he might run into the other extreme. 'My letter may have appeared dictating,' he said, which I said was not the case. 'That's my way of writing; I wrote so to you and did to the King.' I said I was sure it would all do very well in a little time. 'You understand it all,' he said; 'you have always lived here'; and I had had three years' experience, I said. 'But you had just the same capability for affairs,' Lord Melbourne said, 'when you came to the Throne, as you have now—you were just as able; I'm for making people of age much sooner.' He again went into an amazing fit of laughter about *Dr. Lum Qua*. Talked . . . also about children learning, as he said, everything from the nurses and servants—which he talked of for some time. 'I'm sure, all I have learnt that's useful was from the nursery maid,' which made us laugh so. Talked of the H. of C. and the Provision. 'I can't think there can be any real difficulty,' he said; 'one can't tell; a Legislative Assembly is as capricious as a woman.'"

And here is Lord Melbourne on public instruction:

"We then had a great deal of fun with Miss Murray about Education, and I only wish I could repeat all Lord Melbourne said. 'You had better try to do no good,' he said, 'and then you will get into no scrapes.' All that intermeddling produces crime," he said. But we said if people didn't know *what* was wrong they couldn't help committing crime. 'I don't believe there is anybody who doesn't know what is wrong and right,' he said. He doubts education will ever do any good. We asked did he derive no benefit from education? 'I derived no morality from it,' he replied funnily; 'that I derived at an earlier date' (II, 148).

History would be more intelligible if we possessed more diaries like this one, containing authentic portraiture; and to excuse its author on the score of youth or otherwise is beside the mark. For one girl who can so transfer to her paper the tone and rhythm of living speech, and suggest the richness and variety of its content and the bulk of the speaker behind, there are any number who can learn to turn a neat sentence, or to say the right thing about the poets. We need go no further than this Journal, which closed before she was twenty-one, for proof that intellectual power was an essential ingredient in Queen Victoria's character. The quality which has been defined as intellectual integrity was hers by nature and by cultivation, and through the honesty of her vision we are enabled to see without any intervening obstacle the character and daily habits of her Minister and can gauge the value of what she gained from contact with his mind. His culture, tolerance and sympathetic humor he could not give her, for these things were outside the scope of her nature, as her "vein of iron" was outside the scope of his. Nor perhaps did he possess that which, in the last resort,

would compel her assent. Strong natures like hers need something more to control them than belief in what is tranquil and stable. But for the introduction to the special duties of the task before her no one more fit could have been found.

Public affairs, it has been said, are most safely engaged in by those who have some dislike for them and are under no illusion as to what they really are. Government, as taught by Lord Melbourne, was no glorious game, but a business like any other, imperative and often tiresome or painful, so that a person must be severely trained to it. "It's in the lot of your station, you must prepare yourself," was his reply when the Queen assured him she could never bear up against her difficulties; and the same note recurs whenever her private inclinations run counter to her duty. He would not allow her to think that Windsor disagreed with her health. "You have fancies about it. Your Majesty has a fixed idea." Upon the Government's decision to begin the parliamentary session of 1840 at an unusually early date, the Queen declared that she would not open it in person. "I wouldn't, I said, and always wished to get out of that. . . . 'Oh! you will do it,' he said earnestly, with his good kind face expressing anxiety I should; 'not to do so would not be right when it is necessary for public affairs.'" His attitude was as towards one bound up with the fortunes of the country, and therefore debarred from indulging her own tastes and prejudices. "Think of the scrape you'd get us all into," was the final argument with which he overcame her refusal to be vaccinated. The pressure he put upon her to attend church in a public manner on the eve of her marriage was in the circumstances a trifle inconsiderate, but he justified it on the ground that "it's of great importance that you should get

over your dislike of going amongst everybody." In the same way she was to get over her dislike of Sir Robert Peel. "You must not give way to personal dislikes too much," nor to partisanship and the political bitterness which sees only bad motives in opponents; "I don't like you to have those feelings." "I don't see much difference. . . . I think they are very much like the others," he said, urging her to invite the great people on the Tory side. Such counsels must have come convincingly from a politician who could tell a colleague that, in his view, the great fault of the present time was that men hated each other so damnable; "for my part I love them all." However little at that time the Queen was able to acquire it herself, there is no doubt that this rather unusual political temper deeply impressed her; "a truly angelic disposition and worthy of eternal record," is the comment following upon a conversation in which Melbourne had spoken generously of Brougham.

Popularity, Melbourne taught the Queen, was very well if you did not make too much of it; but, Whig and aristocrat though he was, he laid great stress upon public feeling and the general conviction. It was an essential part of his political creed and sprang from the instinctive respect for individual right in every class which made him jealous for the liberties of the poor and inspired those retorts to philanthropists, "if you'd only have the goodness to leave them alone," which the Queen noted down with so much amusement.

The lessons which the young Sovereign found most hard to learn were probably those in connection with the laws and customs of her country. The illustration afforded by her conflict with Ministers in the summer of 1839 is notorious, and perhaps its importance has been exaggerated. Mel-

bourne characteristically blamed himself for the results of action which at the time he does not appear to have discouraged, but latest authority finds the Tories in the wrong rather than the Queen. She proved at least that she did not suffer from the disability to say "No"; which is, said Melbourne, "a very bad thing for a public man." In her well-known subsequent reference to this affair the Queen did not say that, were it to be done again, she *would* have acted differently, but that she *might* have done so; and only the constitutional prig will wish that she had. The altercations in Parliament over Prince Albert's provision called forth something of the same imperious desire for power in its substance; and her interviews with Lord Melbourne show much "pertinacity" on one side and some gentle reminders on the other. "These are our laws"—he does not know that they are right, but there they are, and convenient at times. Even in social matters, "in this country all should go by law and precedent"; otherwise a person is liable to make every sort of mistake.

Law and precedent and the feeling of the people—"whether the country is up to it . . . whether the feeling of the country is such"—these were the constitutional props he set up on either side of her. How much of his teaching was realized or deliberately adopted by the Queen, it is impossible to tell from her Journal. She made no summary or analysis of what she had learned from him; she stated simply that she owed him more than she could ever repay. The extent of her debt must be measured by the character of her reign. It was not for nothing that the ruler who became so identified with the life of the nation that the words Queen and Country ceased to have a separate significance, learned her first lesson in government from that one of her Ministers who, if not the greatest,

was the most English of them all. "A true public servant" she was called, after her death, by another great Englishman; and one may suppose that this was the title which Queen Vic-

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toria, in the height of her power, would have carried with most pride, and that Melbourne would most have desired for her.

Eleanor Cecil.

HONESTY.

BY M. E. FRANCIS.

PART II.

CHAPTER IV.

All that night Honesty lay sleepless on her uneasy bed, while the van went lumbering forward over what seemed to her endless miles of road. At first the moon shone in through the window, the same moon which had lit up the field of Shroton Fair and guided her progress up the ladder in the wooden tower. It had shone upon Zachary's face when he had caught her in his arms—those big strong arms of his. She thought of that moment with a very passion of love and longing. How different Zachary's face had looked to-night as seen in the rays of the same moon—it was as the face of another man, so cold and stern and forbidding; his very voice was as the voice of another man—he had in fact become another man in the space of that one hour when she had slept in the old room of her girlhood.

What had happened to bring about such a change—what had passed between him and Uncle Jonathan? She sat up now, hugging her knees, her form swaying to and fro with the movement of the vehicle. Uncle Jonathan must have told something to Zachary—but what?

Out of the confusion of her mind a single fact stood out—that hour of her life which she could never recall without an acute sense of shame and misery. Girls of Honesty's class are inarticulate in thought as well as in speech; at times their very purposes

are indefinite, and from this inability to foresee, much less shape, the results of certain actions, disaster enters into their lives.

When Honesty had set forth on that wintry morning of the preceding year, she had no formed calculation in her mind. In the quandary in which she found herself it had seemed to her natural to endeavor to regain her place in the home which had been hers for so many years: surely it were better to go back even as a servant to Uncle Jonathan's house than to be hurried into a marriage with a man who was practically a stranger. At the back of her mind, no doubt, had lurked the image of Cousin Robert, the hero of her childhood. He had been beginning to take notice of her in many little ways just before she had been sent back to her parents; he had seemed to like to have her about him—in some dim way she had been conscious of his admiration. It is possible that she had indeed nourished secret, vague hopes as to the result of that admiration, but in any case, the thought which had been chiefly present to her when making her way to Pendleton on that memorable occasion was that if Cousin Robert loved her at all he would prevent this marriage which she so much dreaded.

Then had come the disillusion, the fierce humiliation which all the happy months of wifehood with Zachary had been powerless to blot out, which had caused every chance meeting with Rob-

ert, every allusion to his name to become unendurably painful. He had slighted and mocked her. But this was not what stung most sharply—it was the fact, too late realized, of having laid herself open by her own action to this degradation.

Honesty was reserved by nature, and curiously sensitive and timid; she could not have brought herself to speak of this episode even to her mother; it had never occurred to her that she might be wronging her husband by keeping it a secret from him. Being done with Robert she had turned to Zachary, at first in the spirit of resignation to the inevitable, but soon with trust and gratitude—feelings which were destined after marriage to ripen fast into love.

As she sat up now in her rocking bed the buried misery leaped forth:

"It was that!" she said to herself.

It never crossed her mind that Jonathan had been in any way cognizant of the conversation with Robert which had determined her fate. She had supposed him to be asleep; it did not occur to her that he could have played the eaves-dropper, much less that his garbled account should present the facts under such a distorted aspect. But it did occur to her that Uncle Jonathan, who had early in the evening placed her on thorns by his query: "Did Robert marry ye after all?" had perhaps again wandered into the same train of thought and said *something* to arouse her husband's jealousy. Zachary had told her more than once that he could be very jealous, and she had shivered and been inwardly afraid of what had now evidently come to pass. Oh, if she could only muster up courage to tell him that there was not—indeed, there had never been—any real cause for jealousy. That bygone fancy for Cousin Robert, why it had been the merest foolishness, the craze of a child that knew no better! Zachary

was always calling her a child, laughing at her for it. Surely he would now understand and forgive! He loved her so much—had he not told her that his feeling for her was unlike that which he had ever had for any other woman?

She lay back again, keeping very still, and rehearsing to herself what she meant to say when Zachary should give her an opportunity; how she would appeal to him, imploring him not to let this shadow come between them, assuring him of her love.

The moon set, and for a time there was no light save the uncertain flicker of the lantern fastened to one of the shafts; there were no sounds except the steady footfalls of man and horse and the occasional creaking of branches of the wayside trees.

At last the dawn came, and at last Zachary stopped the van and unharnessed the horse. Honesty could hear him moving about, not talking to the animal as was his wont, but keeping absolute silence as he ministered to its wants.

After making a hasty toilet she opened the door of the van and stepped out.

Zachary had pitched his camp on a bit of waste land between two plantations; there were clumps of gorse still in flower, though it was late in the season. A birch tree leaning out of the nearest copse showed graceful silvery branches lightly laden with primrose and amber leaves; a fir at the back sent forth a faintly resinous smell; the long grass under foot was sheathed in heavy dew. The sky was still a glory of faint colors, but the sun was well over the horizon and all this wet fragrant world was sparkling in its rays.

Zachary turned at the sound of Honesty's light footfall; she gazed anxiously in his face. It was not that terrible one of last night, but she could even less bear to look upon it.

drawn as it was, aged, furrowed with misery.

All her carefully prepared speeches went out of her mind and she flung herself headlong into his arms, sobbing as if her heart would break, her tears falling upon his face, her lips pressed to his, and for a moment he clasped her close, straining her to him, but then his arms stiffened—he put her from him.

How should she guess that the mere touch of those lips of hers maddened him now, that the sensation of the soft warm weight in his arms was to him unendurable? Had not those lips lied to him—or so he thought in his passion of anger and pain—had she not clung to him even thus over and over again, making his heart leap with joy at such evidence of love and trust? And all the time there had been no love in her heart, and she had so dreaded the thought of marrying him that she had actually offered herself to another man! It was because that man had rejected her that she had hurried on the marriage which she had formerly shrunk from—to spite Robert, perhaps; certainly not because she loved Zachary. To her at that time Zachary was merely a man twenty-two years older than herself, and a stranger. This was how she had spoken of him to the man who did not even care to be his rival. Robert had not cared, and so Honesty had come to him. *If* he had cared—Robert Short, of whom even his father had said that he was not to be trusted; if, conscious of the girl's infatuation for him, he had conceived a passing fancy for her, what then?

This was the monstrous suspicion which had been chained up at the back of his mind during all the long torturing hours of that endless night; he had kept his mental vision averted from it, he had endeavored to trample it down and crush it, and now in this

exquisite dawn, when all the world lay golden and fresh about them, and Honesty's lips were upon his cheek, and her slight form rested on his heart, it had broken loose and leaped from its lair.

Honesty, shrinking back, gazed terror-stricken into his eyes, not realizing that the look in them was the reflection of the terrible image with which he was inwardly confronted; she felt a fear of him such as she had never felt before for any mortal man, a fear that froze the stammering query on her lips.

Neither did Zachary speak; even in the anguished turmoil of his mind he was still conscious of something like the blind instinct of self-preservation which causes a drowning man to cling to the only spar within reach; it may be too slight to save him, but if he once loses it he goes under. Zachary had taken Honesty for better for worse; if he let fall a word as to the suspicion in his mind their life together would become impossible.

She turned and re-entered the room with lagging heavy footsteps, and presently Zachary leaning against the birch tree, heard the homely familiar sounds which indicated the preparation of breakfast; the spluttering of newly-kindled wood, the clatter of teacups, and the like. He could see her form move backwards and forwards across the narrow doorway, the morning sun gilding her hair and the folds of her white apron.

By-and-by a robin set up a sudden joyous trill of song; Zachary, gazing dully in the direction whence the notes proceeded, saw the little creature balancing himself on the topmost twig of an elder bush, and marked how the tiny throat quivered with its inward ecstasy. For a moment the impulse came to him to call his wife's attention to it; it had always been his wont to share with her any such small pleasure.

And then he remembered, and turning round leaned his forehead on the silvery bark of the tree.

CHAPTER V.

The days dragged away, lengthening to weeks and months, and still the strange man and the strange woman lived side by side in the narrow space where once so much love and joy had dwelt, but which had now become as dreary, and almost as silent, as the tomb. Neither of them ever reproached the other, though there were times when the heart of each burned with fierce resentment.

"What have I done," Honesty asked of herself, every now and then, "that he should treat me like this?"—while the refrain: "She has deceived me!" echoed through Zachary's thoughts.

The change in Honesty, the consciousness of her pain, instead of softening him towards her, maddened him the more. It tortured him to see her suffer, for what could he say that could bring her comfort? It was she who had brought this misery upon them both.

Two additional sorrows came to Honesty in the course of that year. The first being the loss of Mr. Cuff's situation, and the consequent breaking up of his home. This occurred in the winter, Mr. Cuff having exhausted the patience of the long-suffering Vicar and filled up the cup of his iniquities by a repetition of his proceedings on that memorable Christmas Eve which had altered the course of Honesty's life. He had omitted to ring the bell for midnight service and there had been no faithful daughter at home to fill his place. The Vicar, descending upon him in wrath, had found him in so convivial a condition that he could entertain no doubt of the breach of his oft-repeated pledge. A very uncomfortable state of affairs had ensued; Mrs. Cuff had duly migrated to Alice's

house, while her husband worked at a farm where he had obtained employment.

But this engagement was of short duration. There had come one particular Saturday evening when Mr. Cuff had found it incumbent upon him to air his views in the tap-room, and the result had been disaster. As spring approached Mrs. Cuff's health, always fragile, gave way completely, and one cold morning her daughter was summoned to her death-bed. Honesty's lips had always been sealed with regard to her own troubles, and the poor woman attributed the girl's altered looks to natural filial grief.

"Ah, you'm like to fret, my dear," she said feebly. "You was allus my favorite child, though I did try to do my duty by you all. You was allus terrible fond of mother, wasn't ye, Honesty?"

Honesty sobbed; everything was going from her.

"I did most particular want to see you, love," went on Mrs. Cuff, "you bein' the only one of my family what's well-to-do. 'Tis father I be thinking of. I don't know whatever's to become o' father. Alice, she've a-been a good da'ter and took as much care of me as she could, but John, he's regular took again father—won't have him in the house, he won't, and it wouldn't do for me to come between husband and wife—me what's got to die so soon."

She broke off exhausted, but presently resumed:—"Shart's so good-natured, and you haven't got no children so far, Honesty—you mid try to look arter father for a bit. I daresay losing me will studdy him down. He'll not be so much trouble. He can earn his livin' so well as another so long as he do keep sober."

"But we couldn't have him in the van, mother," faltered Honesty.

"Nay, my dear, but you could take en on in place o' that lad what did use to drive your second van for 'ee last year. Your husband could keep en under his own eye and give en a good example. He mid so well give the job to father as to a stranger. Promise me ye'll try to persuade Shart to take father on for my sake, Honesty, love."

Honesty gave the required promise: how could she do otherwise with those pleading eyes fixed on hers, and the feeble hand clinging to her wrist? Even if she had not by nature been averse to speaking of her private sorrows, she could not have brought herself to overshadow her mother's last hours by the knowledge of how matters stood between her husband and herself.

Thus it came to pass that the farewell words Mrs. Cuff spoke before sinking into unconsciousness were a petition to Honesty not to forget her promise never to desert father, a promise which Honesty ratified by a tearful murmur and a close pressure of the hand.

For the time being Cuff was sobered; he had been very fond of his wife, and the shock of her loss filled him not only with sorrow but with self-reproach.

"This here 'ud never ha' happened if us could ha' stuck to the wold home," he said over and over again, shaking his head regretfully. "'Twas the shifting what did opset her, an' though I can't but blame the Reverend for bein' so 'ard-earted, I do blame myself too. 'Ees, I do."

Here he would shake his head again and heave a deep sigh; he felt that he was making noble amends, and in spite of the truth of his words, his daughter was in a manner impressed by them. No man could do more than own his wrongs and express regret for them: it seemed to her, too, that the Vicar

had treated her father with unnecessary harshness.

This new-found humility of Mr. Cuff's made it easier for Honesty to approach her husband with a view to his making future provision for him. Zachary had been gentle and kind to her during these days of trouble; when they stood together at the graveside and he marked how convulsed with sorrow was her frame, he put an arm about her to support her. The old tenderness was a thing of the past, but she was grateful for his sympathetic kindness.

It was on their return from the funeral that she ventured to broach to him the subject uppermost in her thoughts.

"Father d' seem terrible broken," she began. "Look at him now, how he do drag his feet. He d' seem a broken man."

Zachary glanced at the bent figure in its sable garments, walking ahead of them, and answered with real pity in his voice:—

"'Ees, he do, poor wold man; I d' 'low he'll never be the same again."

"Tisn't that he's so wold neither," rejoined Honesty quickly. "He's only sixty-four and hale an' hearty—able to do a good day's work still."

"'Ees, if he'd only leave the drink alone," said Zachary.

"I d' 'low he'll do that, now," returned Honesty. "He do repent wi' all his heart; ye should ha' heard how he've a-been talkin' about it an' reproaching hisself."

"Well, well," remarked Zachary, half-absently, "'tis never too late to mend."

"No," agreed his wife.

Then there fell a silence between them, broken by Honesty, who suddenly mustered up all her courage and took the plunge:—

"Zachary, I do want to ax a favor of 'ee."

He turned his eyes upon her, those brown eyes which she had once inwardly likened to a dog's, for the eager fidelity of their expression. There had often been a questioning look in them formerly, a look which seemed to inquire the nature of her needs in order to forestall them. There was inquiry in them now, but how different: merely wonder, accompanied, or so it seemed to her, by a certain shrinking.

"'Tis about father," she went on desperately. "Mother—there! 'twas the one thing that did trouble her at the last to think what would become of him. She made me promise to ax ye to find a job for en."

"Find a job for en?" echoed Zachary.

"'Ees, she'd thought it all out in her mind, poor mother, and she reckoned ye could take him on in Stanley's place. He do understand all about harses."

"But I don't always have two vans," said Zachary. "What would become of him in the winter?"

A gleam came into Honesty's eyes, and a flush to cheeks already reddened with tears.

"Zachary," she said, "I'm your wife, and he's my father, and I did promise mother on her deathbed not to desert en. You're well off—ye can do this easy. Ye can find some job for father when you don't want en to drive. I do allus work hard and if ye do do this I'll work harder—I'll work my fingers to the bwone."

There was a time when Zachary had loved Honesty for such an occasional flash of spirit; even now he was affected by it.

"Well, I'll give him a chance," he said, "but he must understand there's two conditions. He must give me his word to be teetotal, and he must agree to do what I do tell en. There can be but one master and I must be that. 'Twas him failin' in those ways what

did lose him his good place—this bargain 'ull be off too if he do fail in one way or t'other."

"Well, 'tis good of ye, I'm sure," said Honesty swallowing down a lump in her throat. "I'm grateful—and I'll keep to my part of the bargain, anyway."

"Nay, I don't want you to work no harder nor what ye do do already," said Zachary. "This business lays between me and your father. I'm willin' for to give him one chance because he *is* your father, but 'tis but right he should know what to expect if he don't keep to his agreement."

Mr. Cuff was all virtuous resolution, and dignified and somewhat tempered gratitude. He expressed in measured terms his willingness to accept the post, speaking of his own capabilities in the tone of a man fully conscious of his worth.

"There's not much about harses what I don't know," he announced; "I mid say, there's not much about anything I don't know. 'Ees, I've a-turned my hand to most things in my time. When ye do bide two or three days in one place I could do a bit o' job gardenin'—an' I'm a very good hand at carpenterin' too—an' white-washin'—there's nothin' I mid say what don't come easy to I. Ye'll find me a handy man an' no mistake, Zachary."

Here Silas Cuff rubbed his hands and smiled, brightening up as he reflected on the honor and pleasure which he was about to bestow upon his daughter and son-in-law by throwing in his lot with theirs.

"Well," said Zachary, with an echo of his once genial laugh, "all this is not likely to be wanted in a van, ye know, but perhaps, as ye say, ye mid earn an extra shilling or so when we bide in one place for a bit."

"Ah, you're not givin' me such very big wages, be ye?" returned Cuff knowingly. "But never mind, I'm will-

in' for to take en from one of the family, and I've no objection to work-in' under you neither, though many a man would think twice before takin' orders from his own son-in-law. But I be very easy-goin' by nature—never want to stick myself up—and Honesty—I be terr'ble fond of Honesty—allus was. Her an' me 'ull be a bit of company for each other. 'Tis but a lowne-some life what she do lead."

Zachary cast a quick glance at his wife; they had been lonely of late, terribly lonely—yet surely if anything could add to the discomfort of their mutual relations it would be the fact of Mr. Cuff's perpetual and uncongenial presence.

"You understand about the conditions," he said in a rather hard voice. "I be sorry for to have to press ye on this point, father-in-law, but 'tis best to speak plain. I'm a-takin' ye on for to give ye a fresh start in life, but if ye go for to carry on wi' the same games what ha' got ye into trouble before, I'm off the bargain."

Mr. Cuff's expression changed, and he shook his head mournfully:—

"Do I look like a man what 'ud be like to carry on games?" he inquired reproachfully. "I did tell Honesty, and I did tell you as I was done wi' drink. I did say I was willin' to take orders from you. I'm a changed man what ye mid see for yourself—a broken-hearted widow-man, that's what I be—and miserable enough wi'out havin' folks doubtin' my word and castin' up the past."

As Honesty went towards him quickly he smiled a watery smile:—

"There, don't ye opset yourself, my dear, your 'usband do speak a bit harsh, but he don't rightly mean it. 'Tis along o' him never havin' had no sorrows to bear—that's what 'tis—if he'd a-had sorrows of his own he'd know how to feel for them what's in trouble."

And for the moment Zachary was positively abashed.

The second van was duly stocked, at a much earlier date than usual, for Mr. Cuff's benefit, and the ill-assorted trio set forth on their rounds.

Mr. Cuff inaugurated his new career with the most virtuous intentions; nor did he confine himself to intentions; his industry was something phenomenal. Not only did he groom the two horses till their coats were "just about so shiny as lookin'-glasses," as he expressed it, but he polished the harness daily, though according to Zachary's rule once a week was considered sufficient. Intruding into Honesty's department he furbished up lamp brackets and other brass and iron fittings to a superlative degree of perfection which her own efforts could never have attained. On one occasion during a somewhat prolonged halt at one of the larger villages his daughter was disagreeably surprised on returning from a marketing expedition to be greeted by an overwhelming smell of paint. She presently discovered Mr. Cuff precariously poised on a stool in the act of touching up the roof of the van.

"There, be careful where you do go, my dear," he sang out, "I've been a-smartenin' you up above a little bit in here; so keep a sharp look out."

Honesty indeed discovered that the smartening-up process had been carried out with inconvenient thoroughness. The entire exterior of the stove had been coated with Brunswick black; the door panels had been picked out with lines of green, admirably artistic in intention, but slightly waving in execution; the woodwork of the walls had been decorated in similar fashion, and Mr. Cuff was, as has been stated, at work upon the ceiling.

She stood aghast; what would Zachary say? She was afraid of him now, even where little matters were con-

cerned, morbidly fearful of incurring his displeasure; and this, it seemed to her, was a serious business. Her father had meddled with Zachary's property very little to its improvement; and the smell of paint and Brunswick black was overwhelming—besides one could hardly touch anything without being smeared.

"Oh, father," she gasped, "ye didn't ought to ha' done it wi'out askin' Zachary's leave!"

"Who says I didn't ax his leave?" retorted her father, looking down from the chair with his brush poised in mid air. "I did say to him so soon as you'd a-gone out: 'Shart,' I did say, 'what do ye think o' me doin' a bit o' paintin' in there to surprise Honesty when she do come home? I'm a terr'ble good hand wi' the brush,' I says, 'an' gile me tuppence worth o' green paint,' I says, 'an' I make this place so as you wouldn't know it again.'— 'Do,' says he, quite agreeable, so I did set to work at once thinking to delight ye. I never did see anybody so ungrateful."

"No, indeed, father, I'm sure I bain't ungrateful," cried Honesty remorsefully. "I'm sure I be—I be altogether delighted, I was but thinking about Zachary."

"Then you needn't ha' bothered your head about him," returned her father. "I do know what's doo to he, and he do know what's doo to I—he did admire this piece of work I can tell 'ee. 'You

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do seem to be makin' an uncommon good job of it, father-in-law,' says he to I."

Honesty looked back at her husband, who was seated at a little distance on a camp stool meditatively smoking; and there was a flicker of hope in her heart. The speech as reported by Cuff was such as Zachary might have made in former days. He had been gentler in his manner towards herself since her mother's death, and had shown great forbearance to Mr. Cuff. Perhaps the cloud between them was beginning to lift.

Descending the steps of the van, while Mr. Cuff resumed operations, still grumbling to himself, she went up to Zachary and laid a timid hand upon his shoulder:—

"'Tis good o' ye to put up wi' father messin' about in there," she said. "I'm afeared he's makin' a terr'ble smell of paint."

Zachary took out his pipe and looked round at her gravely:—

"It doo keep en out o' mischief," he said. "That's what we must look to; we must find en any little job us can what'll keep him out o' mischief."

"That's true," agreed she. Removing her hand from his shoulder she returned to the van, still grateful to her husband for his consideration towards her parent, but humbled and saddened. Zachary's attitude towards herself was evidently unchanged.

JOHN SMITH AT HARROW.

The first time that I saw John Smith was at my father's house. He had come there to take clerical duty in the holidays. I was then a little boy, but I perfectly remember his tall spare figure as he stood in the hall, unwrap-

ping the grey Scotch plaid, which he always wore in lieu of greatcoat. It was a bitter January afternoon, and the half-hour's drive from the station had been all against the wind. His face was blue with cold and his fin-

gers were freezing; but his only answer to my mother's expressions of sympathy was to repeat over and over again "Dear lady, it is most remarkable weather—most remarkable." Only once was his voice raised in complaint; a fire had been lighted in his bedroom, and all luxury offended him. My mother said afterwards that it really seemed to pain him deeply that such an ordinary piece of consideration should have been possible.

That day was the beginning of a long friendship; for he made much of us children, and even wrote to us when he had gone back to Harrow. I wish I had kept those characteristic letters; but my chief interest at the time was in the exquisite maps that he sent me, done by boys in his form, and the little morocco-bound school-roll, which represented such a bundle of romantic possibilities. There never was anyone, we thought, so easy to make friends with, or so ready to be shown things, as Mr. John Smith. He had an adventure too (as it seemed to us) in our house. On my father's return he and his guest sat late alone in the drawing-room, and my father in a fit of absence of mind locked the outer door when he went to bed. John Smith actually slept on the rug sooner than disturb the house at that hour. Next morning the housemaid, when she came to open the room, was astonished to see his tall figure rising from the rug, and to hear his voice repeating in its peculiarly insistent tones that "he had had a marvellous night's rest, and had slept gloriously," though the cold that winter was very severe.

With my mother he soon became very intimate, for they had much in common. His parting words to her on his departure to Harrow were "Lady, you have brought into the world five little gentlemen; you must teach them three things: to love their mother, to speak the truth,

and to believe in another world."

During his stay, the village was astounded to hear that the strange clergyman was out at five in the morning learning shoemaking from the village cobbler. He wanted to realize, I suppose, as far as possible, what a workman's life is like. It was also noticed that his visits were chiefly to the cottages of the most notorious evil-doers, and that even there he was welcome. There was something about him that would take no denial. My mother asked him whether he had been to see the "old Halls," the pattern old folk, during her absence. "Not much," he answered "except when I needed some lesson in faith. I thought I could help poor Job Withers more."

Long after he had gone the village people remembered him, his queer ways and kindly speech, and how the little rise in the middle of the terrace-walk troubled him as he walked up and down. The terrace-walk was altered, but he never came to see us again, and the next time that we met was in 1873, when I went to Harrow. The boys told me that it was "old John," who took us in "pupe," and in "old John" I recognized the friend of my youth.

Let me try to describe him as he sat at the high desk in "pupil-room." His hair was white, and gave him a venerable appearance, which it was his humor to cultivate. He liked to talk of himself as an "old, old man," though at the time he could not have been much more than fifty. Underneath his bushy eyebrows were a pair of the kindest eyes ever to be seen in a human face, and his broad brow had a peculiarly saintly quality, entirely redeeming the long upper lip and heavy jaw, which might have disfigured any less spiritual countenance. Another noticeable feature was his hands, with which he was forever

pointing and making signs. They were white and well shaped; and his fingers were provided with very large filbert nails, which he tended with scrupulous care.

It was part of his teaching that such things as keeping your nails clean were as much a part of a boy's duty in the sight of God as other and more generally recognized virtues. So he acted up to his doctrine by setting a good example in such matters himself. He was never to be seen in the smallest way untidy; his dress and linen were most scrupulously clean and neat. And his voice—it is difficult to describe, though he talked like no one else. It sounded as if he generally spoke under the influence of some high enthusiasm. It had a mouthing quality, which made everything he said emphatic without being in the least unreal. His obvious simplicity and sincerity put affectation out of the question. He was also a precisian in speaking, and sounded his final consonants in a way that did, alas! at one time make his reading at prayers ludicrous. He appealed to me about it: "Laddie, what is it makes the dear fellows laugh so, when I read?" and there were tears in his voice. Shame on me that I never told him of the absurdity of those final t's and p's—why, I cannot imagine; but that was years after my first entrance into pupil-room.

There were some twenty or thirty boys who sat with him in pupil-room for preparation; the senior boys did their work upstairs in their own rooms. To all these boys he taught the fear of God, as part of the daily round. Heaven was to him so near that the word was forever in his mouth. When a boy carelessly left the door open, he would point to it and say "Shut the door, lad; doors are not left open in heaven."

Idleness he could not abide. On

one occasion, wearied with a boy's persistent excuse that he had finished his work and therefore had nothing more to do, he flashed out "Nothing to do, laddie? Say a prayer, then; you can always say a prayer."

I can imagine that at stories like these some of my readers who think that they know schoolboys will smile with incredulous pity. If John Smith really talked like that, they are sure that the boys could have had but little respect for him; assuredly they laughed at him in their sleeves if not openly. And yet it is certain that they did not do so. Things that "John" had said were detailed through the school and repeated with humorous relish; his eccentric mode of speech was imitated, but it was not in the spirit of mockery, but with affectionate enjoyment of his quaint humor.

He also taught us respect for our work. Whatever it might be, it must be shown up with the utmost neatness and precision. The intrinsic excellence of the work, I verily believe, took with him a second place. If a boy brought up a finished exercise to show that his form work was done, he would say: "Copy it out again, dear lad; those terrible corrections spoil everything." As for help in our work, lazy boys soon found out that he was not to be relied upon for assistance at critical moments. Whether it was that he really did not trust himself to answer all questions (it was part of his extraordinary humility to pretend to no knowledge outside his ordinary beat) or that he thought it better to make us persevere by refusing help, I do not know. Certainly his answer to many inquiries was "Dear lad, I fear it is too hard for an old man like me; take it back to your place and try again." When the question was one of mathematics, and the boy could obviously make no way without help, he would say "Ah, laddie, I know nothing

of these marvellous things. You must take it to one of those wonderful fellows upstairs," and the boy would go knocking at sixth-form doors for assistance. His attitude of mind in all these matters was exactly opposite to that of most masters. He pretended to no intellectual superiority but sought to stimulate us by confessing himself as puzzled by similar difficulties. He was full of admiration for the high gifts of knowledge and wisdom in others, but took no credit for anything of the kind himself.

At the same time, with all his simplicity he was not easily imposed upon, as he sometimes gave his pupils plainly to understand. For example, one evening he attacked a well-known sporting character in the house with the request to be informed what horse was first favorite for the Derby. The boy, thinking that innocent ignorance would be the most telling pose, stammered out, amid general amusement, "I don't know, sir."

"Then, laddie, you must be more foolish than I thought. Find out the name: every Englishman ought to know it: and write it out one hundred times."

But to real ignorance and stupidity he was very pitiful. When he took pupil-room once a week in English subjects, he used to walk about the room, leaving one of the boys to mark the answers, and do his best to extract such knowledge as every boy possessed. "Black M— yes! White R— yes! and the little thing called H— ye! Mark these men; mark them all," and then, putting his fingers on the head of the fourth, a slow fellow, who never got anything right, he would say "Poor old S— ! poor old thing!" and as he waited for an answer, press his hand down so hard that his long sharp nails became painful. But that was his way of showing sympathy, so it did not occur to S— or anyone else to mind it.

His hatred of dirt and untidiness made him swift to notice personal defects of the kind in us. On such occasions he would say "Show your hands, laddie; those are not divinely pure. Away and cleanse them!" Similarly with our exercises. We might not be able to do them right, but we could show them up neatly; and therefore it was a part of every boy's duty in the sight of God to do so. Copies of verses shown up to him personally in pupil-room had to be faultless in this respect, or they were torn up.

And the rule which he applied as far as possible to our work in preparation became absolute in his own form. He always took the first fourth at Harrow, which was the third form from the bottom of the school. Other masters were promoted as time went on, but John Smith thought he could do the best work where he was, and no doubt he was right. Young boys could have no better master nor more valuable training. His discipline, the habits of neatness and accuracy which he insisted upon, must have been invaluable to the small lower-school boys under his care. As a boy he had been devoted to Scott's "Marmion," and his favorite exercise for his form was to make them write abstracts of the different cantos of the poem. What struggles the copying and re-copying of those "Marmion" abstracts cost the careless boys of the first fourth can be imagined. Though I was never in his form myself, I can well remember being called into council by a friend as to how he could best conceal a necessary erasure in his exercise. My part only consisted in certain delicate operations with a pocket-knife, but my friend's intense anxiety during the process showed me with what reverence he had learned to regard his written work. On completion he surveyed my efforts with a

gloomy and despondent stare, and said "It's no use; he'll be sure to see it, I know," and no doubt John's eagle eye detected the erasure next morning.

His manner with his form was paternal, and characterized by the same quaint humor. But it was not safe to presume in any way upon that kindness. The legend was that on one occasion a new boy to the form ventured to try a fall with his master, and that "John" arose majestic, and thundered out "Marvellously funny, laddie, but rather impertinent; you go straight to the dear Doctor, and when you come back it will be all quite different." At any signs of lying or cheating in a boy, his anger was terrible. The way in which his blue eye flashed, as he hissed out "Miserable creature!" (his most stringent term of abuse) was sufficient to scare the most hardened criminal.

As a rule, however, he was not unduly swift to punish, nor pitiless in his dealings even with deliberate offenders, though he knew how to set long punishments—"Glorious discipline for thee, laddie!"—or even to put a boy into the "great extra," when it was deserved. A house-master once asked him to take strong measures with a new boy in his house who was thoroughly idle and unsatisfactory. John said "No; be patient with him; it is his first term; when he comes back (with a crescendo of emphasis) I'll set him lines; I'll punish him; I'll send him up, and have him flogged, for I love the lad."

He knew also how to use persuasion; it is on record that he got a neat exercise out of a hopelessly untidy boy by saying to him "Will you do it for my sake, dear thing?" and then when the motive proved sufficient went on to say "Could you not do one better still for Christ's sake?" The fact that he was able to say such things to boys without exposing himself to mockery

shows how great was his power over them.

Unpunctuality in form he punished sharply. On one day in the week, Tuesday I think it was, he stood watch in hand at the door, and woe be to any sluggard who found it shut. The penalty on that day was seven hundred lines. On any other day in the week boys who were late had to come up at seven in the morning, and wait in the road opposite his lodging till a gaunt arm waved across the window showed that they had been noticed and might go. He rose habitually himself at six o'clock or a little after, but was never seen before schooltime at half-past seven. "We older people, you see, have so much to pray about," he said once in apology to a boy who wondered why he "took so long dressing." That these long prayers were no perfunctory ceremony is shown by the confession made in after years that he had been in the habit of praying for every boy in the school separately by name once a week. For this purpose he had arranged a routine of forms, beginning with the sixth on Sunday, and ending with the third form on Saturday night.

But his form had its privileges as well as its punishments: privileges of service, dear to the heart of boys as everyone knows. Certain boys called "monitors" were appointed to take the bill-books¹ round to the different masters. Another series provided pen, pencil, matches, india rubber, etc., for his personal use. It was a piece of "John's" humor to appoint also deputies in case one of them should "die in the night."

In the summer term he gave a "swimming school"—that is to say, took the whole form personally down to "Ducker" in schooltime, on condi-

¹ Books containing the names of those absent from call-overs.

tion that at least ten boys could be found to dive from the highest board. It was most comical to hear "John" exhorting his flock in quaintly humored speech, and urging the last of the shivering boys on to this deed of daring. "See how all those wonderful fellows have gone head first before you; jump, laddie; feet first if you can't the other way. There's no shrinking in heaven." Every boy in his form had to take to the water, and swim or try to swim to his satisfaction.

As for his power of school discipline, that was equally unquestioned. In my time it was the habit to hold bill (school call-over) on wet days in "fourth-form room" instead of the open air. As a rule the boys passed in single file before the master in charge to answer their names, so that when they were packed into a room so small as to make the usual method impossible, a more or less disorderly scene was the invariable result. Few masters in the school could maintain proper decorum, but John Smith was one of them. I remember as a new boy going up to "bill" with a friend, and hearing him express annoyance that it was to be held inside, which generally meant delay and discomfort. Then, as the white head came in sight: "Oh no; it'll be all right; here's old John." I remember the orderliness of the room, and a kind of stern tension in the precise tones of the voice calling, which kept disorderly spirits in control without direct reproof. Years afterwards in St. Luke's he told the secret of his power. Such a detail might be deemed too intimate for publication, were it not an essential part of his unique nature. "Do I remember calling 'bill'? Yes, indeed, that was my hardest trial. I never ventured it without a quarter of an hour spent on my knees. How often in the fields have I knelt down by the

hedgerow, and prayed God that I might not fall in my duty."

The inscription on Cardinal Newman's tomb, "*Ex umbris et imaginibus in veritatem*," expressed the course of this world in sober reality to John Smith. He saw the people abut him, boys and masters, "like trees walking," encompassed with a golden mist which disguised their homely features, and made their smallest achievements to him wonderful. There was never a trace of affectation in the ready appreciation which he bestowed upon all our schoolboy efforts. Anything new, beautiful, or ingenious was sure to be regarded with the delighted wonder of a child. Many boys found a particular interest in perfecting some mechanical toy or piece of primitive art because it would please "old John," and it is amusing to remember the quasi-patronizing air with which these creations were submitted to his notice.

For the "glorious" Doctor he reserved especial reverence. He always declared that he owed much of his life's best effort to the stimulus of his example, and spoke with awe and enthusiasm of his intellectual power. I remember having a talk with him on the subject one day coming down from fourth school. It was a frequent habit of his to lay a heavy hand on someone's shoulder with the words "Would you give an old, old man an arm, dear lad?" when he wanted a companion. It was part of his innocent affectation of old age that on these occasions he leant so heavily on his supporter that the boy had much ado to keep his balance. Old age did not, however, prevent "John" from darting rapidly away in the intervals of conversation to bestow a casual half-crown upon any of his regular pensioners whom he met.

This evening he had a request to make: "Dear fellow, it must be won-

derful for you to hear every day the translations of the glorious Doctor. I should very much like to see some of them. Do you think you could take some down for me?"

I professed my willingness, and some days after offered to read him a few passages from the "Agamemnon" which I had written out.

"Thanks, dear lad," he said; "it is not now necessary. The marvellous Doctor has done it for me himself. I told him how great a privilege I should esteem it to hear his translations, and he took me into his study, and gave me half an hour of the utmost delight."

A strangely humored picture, take it how you will—John Smith with hand outstretched beating time to the poetic cadences, and the Doctor translating away with all his might to give the simple man pleasure. On the one side childlike sincerity, on the other an insight which could appraise the great qualities of such a character at their true value. For if John Smith held his headmaster in particular reverence, on the other hand that headmaster placed the utmost confidence in his judgment in matters concerning boys, and many important reforms in school order came from his suggestion. He never attended masters' meetings, which were held once a week. His irritable brain would not permit of the excitement of the discussions so late in the evening, but he was often consulted in private before important decisions were made.

A curious proof of the perpetual strain involved in this brain weakness is given in a letter, written to the house-master who was afterwards in charge of the house where John had been. John is pleading for the practice which he had introduced of reading books at dinner time. One volume at least he thinks might be allowed to each boy! "For myself, I could not

have got through dinner, with my irritable brain, unless perfect silence had been maintained. And I could not expect boys to keep silence unless they had something to think about;" and all the while he was carving with fierce "indiscriminative" knife (as an old head of the house puts it), with which it was impossible for anyone else to keep pace. The senior boy, who dispensed sweets at the other end of the table, tried to match him but in vain. John smiled a wintry smile at the attempt. These developments of spasmodic energy in the performance of daily duty tell their own tale of suffering.

I have said that this world lay for him shrouded in a golden mist; on the other hand, the world beyond the grave shone miraculously clear in the light of his great faith. Death was robbed of all its terrors; to be regarded only as a happy release from trouble into the wider liberties of a new and more glorious existence.

"Have you ever been to Scotland, sir?"

"No, lad; it is the first place I hope to go to when I am dead."

"If you reach heaven before me, dear fellow, keep me a flower. I think I should like a rose best."

After a school cricket-match, when the school was rejoicing over its success, to a member of the eleven: "Do you not think there will be cricket in heaven?"

Once, with a queer smile, to a boy standing at a second-floor window: "Why should we not jump out, dear lad? We should be in heaven in a moment."²

One Sunday evening when he was in charge of the house during the temporary absence of the house-master, he addressed the boys very earnestly at

² For obvious reasons, I have been tempted to omit this last saying; but though entirely exceptional, it is on good authority and must therefore stand with the rest.

the beginning of prayers in the following words. They are remarkable for the touch of poetry which often gave impressiveness to his sermons and table-talk.

"As I pass along these wind-swept passages at night, and going into your rooms, see there your sleeping forms, and beside your beds your clothes unfolded or strewn upon the floor, I think to myself, Would the dear Lord be pleased if He came to fetch a boy in his sleep to-night, and found that he had left his things in such disorder? Will you do me the favor in future to fold up your clothes, and leave them ready on your chairs?" And on Monday came the sequel, overheard in the very words here written. "I say, what do you think?"—it was a little lower-school boy speaking. "Last night of course I left my clothes about as usual. In came old John. He called my name, but I didn't let on that I was awake. So he took up the things, folded them, and put them on the chair himself. Of course he thought I was asleep, but I think it was rather a chouse; so I suppose I shall have to fold up my own after this."

And once death did actually come to the school, during the time of house prayers. It was a most dramatic scene. John knew that a boy lay very ill in one of the houses, and had already prayed for him. He was concluding with the Lord's Prayer, when suddenly the penetrating sound of the high-pitched school bell was heard in the distance—Ding! John stopped. There was dead silence for some moments. Then again the bell came—Ding! There could be no doubt; it was the passing-bell, and John's voice broke out into a pean of thanksgiving, without one touch of earthly grief or sentiment to mar it.

"We thank Thee, O Father, for Thy great goodness that Thou hast taken this dear lad home to Thy glorious

heaven: we praise Thee—" But it is impossible now to recall the cadence of the triumphal strain which sprang so spontaneously from the well-spring of his great faith. The house rose from its knees profoundly affected and filed out in silence.

Heaven was indeed to him very near. It was not a hope but an ever-present reality which made him love light as its earthly symbol. When he went round the rooms on Sunday night, it was the habit of boys to collect pieces of candle to aid the dim illumination of the two "tollies" provided by the house authorities. Then John, when he opened the door and was met with this blaze of light, would say "Dear lads, this is like heaven. I love to see everything so bright," and we, astonishing as it may seem to those who never fell under the spell of the man's personality, were pleased to know that we had pleased him, and never dreamed of mocking at his quaint humor. Indeed sometimes our enthusiasm in his service outran our discretion, and John has been known to say "Thank you, laddies. It is glorious, quite divine; but it hurts the eyes rather, doesn't it?" So we had to modify the illumination next week. Of course our rooms had to be tidied up and put in exquisite order for his visit. In particular he liked to see the jugs on our washing-stands (Harrow boys sleep in their rooms) wrapped in clean towels, and put properly in their basins "like John the Baptist's head in a charger, laddie." A few flowers too were much appreciated; for if John tried to make us ready for the next world, he did not forget that we should be human in this. An example of this vein of humanity in him is given in the following story told by a boy who was a member of the cricket eleven and a great friend of John Smith's.

"I had given him a photograph of myself in Eton collars at thirteen, and on my way back from a Pinner walk many years afterwards took the opportunity of telling him that I had now got a much better photograph than that old thing, taken when I came. This photograph, when produced, represented a gorgeous person in a white waistcoat with 'eleven' buttons, flower in buttonhole, &c. John looked at it thoughtfully, and then gave it back to me, saying 'No thank you, dear fellow, I prefer the old one.'"

Even in those busy Harrow days, John Smith engaged in other unselfish labors outside his school work. A man needed only to be poor, miserable, or wicked to claim his immediate sympathy. His charities were unceasing. I have heard of his walking about a whole half-holiday afternoon with a poor laborer trying to find him employment. He has been seen helping a drunken man home in the streets of Harrow. Above all, a certain idle rascal, whom Harrovians knew as "Bottles," was the frequent object of his pitiful kindness. He had a tender feeling for him as a bit of human wreckage, a man who had never had a chance. Whether he was successful in effecting any reform in him I cannot tell, but the invincible optimism, which made sure of a happy outcome for all in the end, came out in his talks with the man.

"Ah, Bottles, dear man, how you will suffer in the next world before you come round; but it will be all right—in the end it will all come right."

But these were all trifles by the way, like the half-crowns which he dealt out promiscuously to all who appealed to him for help; so freely indeed that, as the brain-clouds thickened towards the end, he had to be protected from the rogues, who tried only too successfully to impose upon

his benevolence. He had also a scheme of regularly organized philanthropy which filled all his spare time. In the holidays he usually took the work of some parish, preferably in London, to enable some poor clergyman to get away for a holiday. "It is a great privilege," he would say, "to get some experience of the marvellous work those glorious fellows do for the poor."

In the same spirit he laid out the three half-holidays of the Harrow week in a routine of active charity. Tuesday he spent in the gaols, Thursday among the poor, and on Saturday he went over to Pinner to read to his mother and sister, for whom he had made a home there. Boys often met him striding along the Pinner road on this mission, and it is amusing to remember, in view of his affectation of old age, that they give him credit on these occasions for something over four miles an hour.

He did not go into society at all. Although no professed ascetic, life did not seem to him to give room for such occupation; perhaps he felt unequal to it. Indeed he excused himself to the wife of a Harrow master once on the plea that the excitement might lead him to drink too much wine! His sole indulgence was to go to Westminster Abbey for afternoon service. He was intensely alive to the glamour of its associations, and delighted in the music; but once in the year was enough. Even his meals he took alone, except when he presided over the house dinner in place of the house-master. Nevertheless he was always willing and anxious to go to visit his friends when they were sick or in trouble. Once after chapel he was summoned to the deathbed of a lady with whom he had some acquaintance. He strode hastily up the hill as if he were the bearer of great good tidings, mounted the stairs eagerly, and entering the sick-room took both the dying hands in his own,

saying in tones of unmistakable feeling "Dear lady, I congratulate you." Another saying of the same kind is to be found in a letter written by him to an old Harrovian who had just lost his wife in sad circumstances. John Smith writes "And who will look after the children during the mother's temporary absence?"

He was seldom severe, but if he saw clearly that any of his colleagues was mistaken or in the wrong, he felt it his duty to point it out to him in the most outspoken manner; and the soundness of his judgment in matters of literary taste, as well as of everyday morals, is beyond question. When there was cause for it, he was capable of a high degree of righteous indignation, as the following scene shows. John came into the room when a young master was telling the tale of an accident that had happened on the London Hill. A cart too heavily laden had overpowered the horse, which in an endeavor to run away fell underneath the cart. Its hind quarters were crushed or paralyzed by the weight of the load, and it remained on the ground helplessly struggling and plainly in great pain. John listened carefully to the tale, interpolating an eager little interrogative Yes? Yes? Yes? till it came to an end. On the speaker pausing he said "Yes, and then?" But there was no more to tell, so the speaker said lamely "That's all." Then with a characteristic stiffening of lip and limb, which he always used when strongly moved, and pointing his forefinger at him, John said "What, sir! Do you mean to tell me that you did not at once go to the nearest police-station, and take measures to see that the poor dumb animal was quickly put out of its pain?"

There was no answer; but the scene between the two masters was so impressive that it never faded from

the memory of a boy who was present.

Such was John Smith in his Harrow years, when I knew him: a master whose work was as valuable to the school from an educational point of view as that of any member of the staff, and whose moral influence was unique: a man whose life was an eternal protest against evil and idleness. "I never see that man," said an old Harrovian once to my mother, "without thinking that I must give up my hunting and shooting and life of amusement, and turn to some good work. No other man produces on me the same effect." We little knew that in those Harrow days under that kindly manner there raged a perpetual struggle which made him look to death as the only release. From the enemy which was ever present in his own unstable brain he could find no refuge but in a routine of ceaseless labor. The threat of madness had disappointed his youthful hopes. He looked forward to it as the inevitable end to his career, and accepted his fate without repining when it came. It may be said that his outlook on life was never thoroughly sane. Maybe; but we might thank God for more such madmen. He was always mad enough to be utterly forgetful of his own interests, eager to spend and be spent in the ceaseless service of others. He was mad enough to be utterly fearless in what he said to those with whom he had to do; transparently sincere in a world of pretence, and above all things utterly humble. It was to his humble attitude of mind that he chiefly owed his power with boys. Dim tales were told of the strange things he had said in those secret talks which he had with nearly every boy who came to the school. How he accused himself of every kind of folly and wickedness. Like Bunyan, he would declare himself to have been the greatest of sinners. Doubtless such tales are the

outcome of that spiritual imagination which magnifies the memory of past offences, as the sense of forgiveness grows stronger. We only felt that they were part of John's curious way, which we did not always understand; our instinct refused to believe ill report of him. Also I think we recognized in them the wish to make fellowship with us in our weakness and sin, as well as in our higher hopes and ideals. And the result of this way of his was that boys opened their hearts to him more freely than to most masters, and then his great faith came to the rescue. He could say and do things that no one else could dare, for in all that he said or did we boys knew that there was no shadow of pretence or affectation.

When he died, he left no memorial behind him; his sermons, some of which were very remarkable, he had deliberately destroyed long before. The generations of boys that knew him are passing away, and even at Harrow he will soon be little more than a name. But in the hearts of those who did know him well he holds a unique position, and will not be soon forgotten. Even now it requires little effort to recall that characteristic figure. Tall to gauntness he stands before us, leaning forward with a curiously rigid bend from the hips, as he puts his questions. His coat is carefully brushed, his clerical tie perfectly

The Cornhill Magazine.

tied, his standing collars the picture of neatness; and yet he is plainly one who cares little for the things of this world, and maybe his coat would prove threadbare if you looked closer. How his eyes gleam with whimsical kindness as he surveys the boys before him, or leans back to await their answer, while the light from the high pupil-room windows plays among his crisp grey locks and over his broad forehead! As his pointing finger passes down the line, "Little Edward—Cornishman—smallest thing in all the world," and a dozen other quaint nicknames of his own invention come back in the tones of his humorous speech, while boyish faces flicker up out of the gloom.

Or again the scene changes, and you see the same figure, the same except for the plaid thrown about the shoulders in Scotch fashion, trudging up Harrow Hill. The road is heavy with melting snow, but he walks with the same striding gait as of old, only the bag is heavy, and he is not so strong as he was. "Let me carry your bag for you," says a passing master. "No, no," is the answer. "When I was young, I was ashamed to be seen carrying a bag for my mother, so you must let me carry this for myself now."

So all his life long he carried his heavy burden himself, and many years ago he received his reward.

E. D. Rendall.

THE FUTURE OF CHINA.

BY MR. SUNDARA RAJA.

Though the revolution of China, which is by far the most stupendous event of the century, has revolutionized the Celestial Empire in all spheres of activity, yet there are ignorant cynics who seriously doubt the final accomplishment of China. Perhaps

Kipling's indictment that "East is East, West is West, the twain can never meet" might have thrown dust in the eyes of observers and made clear understanding an impossibility. It may even be that the gloomy pessimists in Europe, who still hold that

Orientalists are unfit to manage their own affairs, do not want to credit China with that element of constructive capacity which the Republican Portugal is credited with. Anyhow the fact cannot be gainsaid that the recent transformation of China is more or less misunderstood by a majority of European observers, excepting those limited few who can discriminate between right and wrong.

"The prosperity of nations as of individuals," wrote Ruskin in one of his earliest writings, "is cold and hard-hearted and forgetful. The dead lie, indeed, trampled down by the living; the place thereof shall know them no more, for that place is not in the hearts of survivors, for whose interest they have made way. But adversity and ruin point to the sepulchre, and it is not trodden on; to the chronicle, and it does not decay. Who would substitute the rush of a new nation, the struggle of an awakening power for the dreamy sleep of Italy's desolation, for the sweet silence of melancholy thought, her twilight time of everlasting memories?" It was this sort of ghoulis diletantism that pervaded Cavour, the Political Regenerator of modern Italy, who thought that a living land was better than a dead one, that the struggle of an awakening power, the rush of a new nation was infinitely to be preferred to the desolation of dreamy sleeps, sweet silences, and everlasting memories that spelt regrets. Yuan Shi Kai, the Lion of Asia, is the exact prototype of Cavour, an Opportunist, a moderate, a patriot, but neither an Idealist and visionary like Mazzinni nor a strong advocate of monarchy, as a panacea for all evils, like Dante. Yuan Shi Kai realized clearly that under the régime of the Manchus China was lagging far behind the average scale of civilization and that in the progressive world inertia and inactivity

meant speedy ruin and ultimate annihilation. He knew the significant fact, which was realized by Marquis Ito of Japan a few decades ago, but opportunities did not present themselves before him to strike a deathblow at the reactionary Government, which made progress an impossibility. There stepped in the scene the Asiatic Garibaldi, Dr. Sun Yat Sen, whose ardent patriotism created the ideal of a new China, refined and regenerated, freed from the grip of European diplomacy, a China capable of moving by itself, a China respected by all nations of the world. It was not a cry "China for the Chinese"; it was not the shriek of "Asia for the Chinese"; but it was simply a free and independent China. Dr. Sen resolved to upset the Manchu constitution and replace in its stead a constitution best suited to the growth and development of the Yellow Empire. But he lacked that fiery and aggressive martial spirit with which Yuan is imbued and it was left to the latter to give a finishing touch. The touch was accordingly given and readers know the result—a dynasty, perhaps the oldest in the world, abdicated the throne, after conceding a republic to the people. This effect is unprecedented in the annals of the world; the French revolution did not accomplish this end, nor did the Portuguese revolution. However, the end aimed at was attained and up to this there are no differences of opinion.

But observers of contemporary events are not unanimous as to the future of China. What is the future of China? The future of a nation is generally determined at the start by its military or naval strength. As China is essentially a military country the counter-question that is to be asked is: Is China capable of holding her own in the battlefield against foreign aggression? Though many would be prone to take a gloomy aspect of

the Chinese Army, yet considering the strength of neighboring powers China can surely hold her own. As Captain N. P. Brooke points out lucidly in the "Army Review," "cheerful, frugal, obedient, blessed with an almost entire absence of nerves, such as we understand them, the Chinese soldier, under a leader whom he trusts, is fit, in point of courage, to take his place beside any European soldier." Yuan Shi Kai is such a leader and there is no other individual in all China who has that intrepid knowledge of militia and who can exert that enormous influence, which made the recent revolution a historic success.

Yuan Shi Kai can say, as Lowell said a century ago: "We have at length established our claim to the noblesse of the sword, the first step still for every nation, that would make its entry into the best society of history." Strictly speaking his task is not as arduous as he is not seriously to contend against any foreign power in the battlefield, for there is no nation whom China has offended by her recent revolution, even though it is not very much comfortable to many countries. Direct intervention of a foreign power in the internal administration of China, in the near future, is an impossibility. Perhaps diplomatic depredations of Europe may lead one way or the other to this consummation, but fortunately jealousy is an element deep-rooted in every European nation, and considerations of balance of power prevent one nation of Europe to allow another to attack China. Conjoint attack of all nations is a dire impossibility, as in the strange irony of things such a combination for strangling an Asiatic country will meet with an abnormal reaction and retaliation, whose limit and extent cannot be rightly described. The smoldering fire of diplomacy can rage silently in Mongolia, where claims are twisted and twined round to

prove the legal and constitutional right of Russia over that part of the Dragon Empire; Japan can wag her tail gladly, eagerly, awaiting some present aiming her eyes all along on Manchuria; England may not be sorry if a piece of land be granted her; the ever-vigilant Kaiser may be even content with a small stretch of territory. So far the claimants are arranged but the real hitch in the transaction is America, which has more trade with China than any other Western country. It might perhaps be remembered that Mr. Knox, the Foreign Secretary of the United States Government, sternly intimated Germany and other Powers not to interfere with China without his country's consent. There is no other solution for this intricate problem than impotent silence. But as a school boy the White man is taught "Make the hay while the sun shines." The native of Europe says: "Where there is an opportunity avail yourself of it." But the initial difficulty arises in the popular feeling of China, which has recognized this subtle art of conquest by European Powers more than a century ago. Sir Robert Hart, the veteran authority on Asiatic questions, wrote a picturesque account of China, several decades ago, and in the end prophetically laid down a glimpse of future China. The distinguished author put the following words in the mouth of the 19th century son of China:

What you tell us is very true; we have not marched with the times. You must remember, however, that we are not a military people; we have cultivated the arts of peace, and all our teaching leads us to detest war, and to look down on the profession of arms. Every province, of course, has its military, but they are police rather than Soldiers and are just good enough to preserve order and suppress revolt; till recently there was no necessity for fitting them to meet foreign troops in

the field. We are being forced to change matters, however, and are changing although, as a civilized people, we think to do so is to retrograde, and it is quite possible we may be going too slow, and may be caught unprepared. Perhaps it is because we do not like it we are going too slow; but if right is right, why should it not be acknowledged—why must it be backed up by might? Our history, you know, does not date from yesterday, and the "black-haired race" has had experiences of every kind during the long cycles our records tell us of. We are up to date now that we have to carry on intercourse with the armed Powers of the world; we are weak, and possibly history is about to repeat itself—"United long, divides!"

Russia may take the north, Germany the east, France the south, and England the centre, and it may even be a good thing for us that such should happen—it may even be better, too, for us than for them. Our new rulers may, in fact, do us for our good quite as much as for their benefit, and in process of time, while our northern countrymen are seemingly become Russians and the others Germans, French, and English, we shall have learnt all they have to teach—we shall see introduced all that goes to make States rich and powerful—and we shall have improved upon that teaching, picking their brains and developing our own to an extent they may be the last to notice. Then, one fine morning—it may be 100, it may be 200 years hence—a wave of patriotic feeling will thrill through the length and breadth of the land, and we shall say, "Now gentlemen, you can go home, and home they'll go—"Divided long, unites!"

The above words represent clearly the trend of Chinese thought. When a people have this consciousness, when a nation has realized its responsibilities to this extent, he will be a foolish observer who contends that China will fall a victim in the hands of Europe. It is an impossibility and with the growing progress of Asia, when every decade

brings with it a new impulse, a fresh inspiration, an ardent and ever-flowing, regenerating, elevating and uplifting influence, when the Asiatic has at last come to realize his own position, even to dream of an annexation of China or a partition of China by Europe is mere stupidity.

China for the Chinese has always been an accomplished fact, and this will never be changed. The Treaty Ports wherein the foreigners exercise a sort of namby-pamby influence will be carefully and scrutinizingly curbed in the long run, as it is in Japan, and a few decades will see China just in the same level as Japan. Economically perhaps China might occupy an inferior position in the scale of nations, but it must be noted that China at the same time holds a powerful weapon in her hands. The moment this economic disability is taken advantage of by Europe she can declare a formal boycott which means the entire ruin of European trade. As Mr. Putnam Weale wrote to the "Daily Telegraph" from Peking a few weeks ago, "though China may not regain her tariff and judicial autonomy for many a long year, she can legislate in other ways against those who do her harm." This replies effectively to the question of economic inferiority. Thus a nation, rising in all potentiality, with immense natural resources, with huge population, with a sound military strength, and above all with regenerated activity can easily rise up to an exalted place in the galaxy of nations.

There is another important phase that gives a singular position to China. As far as Asia is concerned China is the only country that contains such an enormous population and that occupies such an extent of territory. She does not need great naval developments, as she is essentially concerned with land and military strength. The northern frontier is not a great danger

as Siberia is inactive and, however Russia may try to push on her zealous propagandism of conquest, that cold and dreary region cannot harbor any treacherous army intended for a diabolical purpose for a long time. In the East there is Japan, but she will not care to interfere with China, for she knows exactly what the latter is. Of late there is more or less an unfavorable impression in the minds of the people of China regarding Japan's integrity and the suspicion was only increased at the time of the recent revolution, as the Japanese Cabinet asked the Nankin Provisional Government to hurry up with its work, threatening intervention in case of delay. But was startling the reply of the Chinese Foreign Secretary sternly cautioning Japan for her conduct and advising her at the same time to remain

The Hindustan Review.

neutral, or else she had to bear the responsibility in case any untoward circumstance broke up the revolution. This reply was enough to send a thrill of horror in the minds of Japan and her almost insignificant position as compared to China, will never drive the land of the rising sun to that madness which had become only too common with some Western nations, where the sun of morality seems to have entirely set.

Barring Japan, there is no other country in the whole of Asia for whom China need fear. Thus her road is clear and it is left to her to work ceaselessly to attain a place of enviable security in the scale of nations. The future of China, under present circumstances, will be one of unrivalled greatness and her power and position in Asia will be unbounded.

A BROKEN MAN.

I give the story of John Smith as nearly as possible in the words he used to me a few months before his death, and I do not think that I need enter into explanations as to how he came to confide it to me. The events referred to happened so long ago that, even if not atoned for by the narrator's gallant ending, there can be no harm in now giving them publicity. This is the story of him whom I call John Smith.

I.

Twenty-four of us sat at mess. The colonel, with thirty years' service, hadn't a medal, and most of the others had been equally unlucky.

A telegram was brought in. The colonel, for whom it was, raised his eyebrows at the mess president, who bowed "Certainly." The colonel opened it. I happened to be looking at him. Telegrams, although so common, are sometimes of such moment.

This one was. He read it through

once, and then again. No one was taking any notice. How the scene comes back to me now! I can remember the tune our band was playing outside, for it was guest night. I can see the heavy, severe old silver, and the honors woven into the table-cloth, and the young mess-waiters in canary waistcoats, plush shorts, and white stockings, which somehow never suited them, and which showed His Majesty's uniform through it all. I can see the youngsters scattered about among their seniors, for the former were never allowed to sit all together, but had to be shown that, within limits, all men were equal in the mess.

The colonel laid his telegram on the table. He picked it up, read it once more, and laid it down again. I could see his hand was shaking. He paused, buried in thought, and wiped his glasses.

Then he stood up. What was the

old man going to do? The wine hadn't gone round, and, if it had, it would not have been his business to—. The buzz of talk died down as one after another looked up and saw the colonel on his feet. Mess-waiters stood agog. Ours wasn't a mess where any one stood up except at the bidding of the vice-president. We were more hide-bound by old Peninsular traditions (and took a pride in it, often to our own considerable inconvenience) than any other corps in the Service. The colonel stood a moment till the talk had all died out. Then he cleared his throat, put on his glasses, and read the telegram aloud.

Such a yell went up that our old tradition-makers must have turned in their graves. The mess sergeant bundled the young waiters out of the room. It was not for the likes of them to witness such lapses before the wine was round and the elders had left the table. A young subaltern raised his glass and shouted across to the colonel.

"Here's to a bloody war and a sickly season, sir, and no heel-taps." The barracks were half a mile off, but our noise had scarcely died out when it was taken up there. And I shouted with the rest.

Of all that happy table, and soldiers are never so happy as when they get the order to "hold themselves in immediate readiness to proceed on active service"—except, perhaps, when they come back again—out of all that table none were alive on that day month saving only myself and, I think, two others. It was only one of those so-called disasters which soldiers are meant for if campaigns—not isolated affairs and actions—are to be won, and which, in days when we fought harder battles against greater odds and for greater stakes, were merely mentioned, if mentioned at all, as incidents. Perhaps when we again

fight like that we shall reckon such mishaps in better perspective than we do now.

Within a week of the receipt of that telegram we were off to the Front; within four weeks of its receipt the regiment had practically ceased to exist, save in the Army List. I mention neither number of regiment nor name of campaign, not because there was anything discreditable in a losing fight, fought out to the bitterest of all ends, but because of the one officer who shouted with the rest at the mess table, but later disgraced himself and the corps he belonged to.

II.

I lay behind a breastwork of earth-filled biscuit tins and sand-bags. All around was smoke and flame and the horrible sounds and sights of blood in the very act and process of being shed. I felt that something in me was tightening, something in the nature of its on-coming like sea-sickness, vain to struggle against. Till then we had been fighting against odds certainly, but with hope. Then something happened—no one spoke the word, but we all knew that hope had gone, and that the only thing now necessary to meet the end decently was grit—and that I had not got. Up till now I had not had much to do but lie still behind the breastwork. Giving orders had not been necessary. My captain came crawling towards me. He was wounded, but seemingly quite pleased with things. First he shouted in my ear, "Have you a drop in that water-bottle of yours, old son?" Yes, I gave him what I had left.

"Bad case, eh?" he continued, grinning.

"Yes, pretty bad," I said.

"Might be worse, though," he went on, looking at me. "Never say die. Been touched yet? No. That's good." He showed me his leg broken below

the knee, the foot horribly twisted round. The strain in me grew, the something reached breaking-point—and snapped. I felt it go in me. If only it could have lasted another half-hour! But the sight of that twisted foot was too much for me. The wounded man seemed to be swallowing hard, and continued huskily in my ear and evidently weaker. "Only one thing now for it,—the chance of our lives,—but I miss it. Just my luck! The counter-stroke, eh? Something in the old drill-book after all, eh? The C-O's down; no orders; we'll do it on our own—at least, you and letter B company."

"Yes," I nodded, but I never moved. He was getting fainter: how I hoped he might lose consciousness before he saw how it was with the only man in B company who would refuse to do what he wanted. But that was not to be. There was a lull in the horrid din around us. "Come," he murmured, "get a move on you; you're not hit, now's the time, now's the chance of a . . ." he was getting drowsy and half conscious, but he looked into my eyes before I had time to avert them. "Oh, my God," he said, "you're not . . . you're not . . ." Then he fainted.

I have not any clear recollection of what happened after that: I wished to run, but running then would have taken me to certain death, no matter which way I went. So I lay shamming dead amongst many really dead comrades, and some living ones.

III.

It was all over. I was running. I knew nothing more than that, except that behind me something horrible was going on. I hadn't an idea how I got clear away. Bad luck, I suppose. But I was running, and with a clear front. No one followed. Those that might have, were busy killing my comrades.

I don't know how far I had gone:

but I stopped for want of breath and threw myself for concealment into a dense patch of bush. Here in a little while I heard the sound of a galloping horse coming my way, nearer and nearer. I lay still watching. It was our adjutant going for his life.

"Archer," I cried, "Archer!" He pulled up. I ran out to him. "Take hold of my stirrup-leather," he said, "and run if you want to live. They're following." This reduced his pace from a gallop to a trot, but it increased mine and my chances of safety. So what cared I?

As we went, he gasped out the last hideous bulletin of the regiment. I had quitted at the beginning of the end: he at the very end. He kept saying, "There was nothing to stay for, was there? Yet I wish I had stayed and shared with the rest." The tears were streaming down his face, channelling through a layer of smoke-grime, dust, and sweat. What cared I? I was running to safety. But there was a second thought behind this. I knew I could not run much farther; and that so soon as I slowed down to a walk, Archer would stop and want to put me up and run himself. Then I knew what I should do—I knew it as well as if I had already done—what I did do.

I could run no farther. I had held out as long as I could, and my breath was coming in sobs. I let go the stirrup-leather and slowed to a walk. My companion immediately stopped. I asked him not to get off, but to give me a minute or two and I should be ready to run again. He only said: "Don't be a fool," and threw himself off and told me to look sharp. It was no good trying to tell him what I should do once I was in the saddle, he would never have understood. I mounted. Could even Judas have felt as I did then? I galloped away and left Archer.

IV.

I got eventually to safety. I was believed to be the only survivor of that fight. I almost thought so myself. I began to hope so, for Archer, exhausted, on foot, and ignorant of the country, could scarcely have won to safety through that eighty or ninety miles of country swarming with the enemy.

I had only passed through it myself as a drunken or demented man passes through dangers that another could not escape. I was treated with the utmost kindness and sympathy, and was supposed to be suffering from shock. It was not shock; it was shame and guilt. I was asked sparingly about the fight, and spoke as sparingly. A junior officer such as I was, is sometimes not in a position to know much of a fight beyond what takes place immediately under his own eyes. Of Archer I said nothing.

A month of almost intolerable misery passed. I should, of course, have sent in my papers. There were two reasons against it. The war was not finished, and under those circumstances I could scarcely do so. Then I had a livelihood to make. Remaining on in the Service might have meant, perhaps, fifteen or more immediate steps in promotion, supposing they had gone mainly in my regiment. To retire, meant losing them, and almost certainly the allowance my father made me, and to "go under." The last event was to me then a vague term; it was to become less vague later.

V.

The war ended. Archer had not been killed. When I met him one day in the street I had the double sensation—first, that I was no longer, as I had thought, a murderer in act; and, secondly, that I was now about to disappear from life as I knew it. The meeting was sudden: I could not have

avoided it if I had wanted to. I saw a look of amazement in his face, and then he said, "We can't speak here: follow me somewhere where we can." Presently we were alone, and he stopped.

"Have you any explanation?"

"No."

"You hadn't been knocked silly or lost blood or anything?"

"No."

"No explanation whatever? No excuse?"

"No, none."

"Then send in your papers for the sake of the regiment and," he added significantly, "for your own sake." Then he went his way and I mine.

VI.

I went under. I think I must have tried nearly every line that a man in my circumstances could have tried, and I failed hopelessly at each. I knew well now what hunger meant, and the wretchedness of enforced idleness. To me there was, however, no Prodigal Son's alternative. For two years I had a good look at the shady side of life; and if there was a lot of shade, it was lightened now and then by the most extraordinary acts of kindness from the shadiest, shabbiest quarters.

I eventually became a ship's steward, beginning low down in that class of tramp steamer that carries but one steward, and working up in a few years to the liner that carries several score. It was a livelihood, the worst part of which was, to me, the receiving of tips. I became accustomed to my new life, but never to the tips. They are not so easy to run away from as you might suppose, though I often tried to. It often seemed to me that those who gave least trouble, or were least able to afford tips, were the most determined to give them.

We were in the Mediterranean,

bound outward. We were full of men in the Service, most of them returning to Egypt from leave. I had, as on several previous occasions, recognized a man I had known before, but this one I had known particularly well. He gave no sign of recognizing me, but one day as I was passing his cabin he was at the door and said, "Just come in here a minute, steward." I went in and he shut the door, and then speaking to me by my real name, the one he had known me by, he said he had recognized me as soon as he had come on board, and that he now wanted to know, without for one moment prying into my affairs, whether he could do anything for me. He added that he was in the Egyptian Service, that there were openings there, and that he had friends. Could he do nothing? With many thanks I refused the kind offer. At parting he said, "Well, think it over, and don't be in a hurry to refuse an old pal a favor." I did think it over, and I asked him the greatest favor I could then think of, that of saying a word to the purser if he could, and of getting me made deck-steward if a vacancy occurred. That would mean a clean open-air life and release from the grease and beastliness down below. During the rest of that voyage I remained below stairs. At the beginning of the next I found myself deck-steward.

I was now contented, earning a decent livelihood, and as happy as a man with my memories could be. Time had passed, recollections had become dimmed, but I was yet to learn that a man with my failing labors under a terrible incubus.

VII.

We were homeward-bound. As deck-steward, during meal-times I was busied about the deck tidying up litter and deck-chairs. It was during lunch one fine calm day a few days out

from Marseilles. The lately crowded decks were now empty save for a couple of nurses at one end and a passenger asleep with his feet on the rail. One little boy was playing about. I was busy finding rope quoits when I happened to look up. The child was astride the rail, and the next moment had fallen overboard.

I rushed across the deck to jump after him. I was an expert swimmer. The sea was flat calm. There were no sharks. Risk from drowning to me was almost nil. Saving that little child was equally almost a certainty if I acted promptly, but I had reckoned without my miserable self. As I ran—it was but ten paces—I remembered the two big notice boards hung out over the ship's quarters whenever she lay in dock and the notices on them, "Beware of the twin screws." I thought also of leaping into the sea and of escaping the propeller, but of the ship going on and leaving me to drown. I was within a stride or so of the rail when that something in me suddenly tightened and broke. Instead of holding straight on and going overboard I thought I'd get a life-buoy first. I accordingly followed the rail till I came to the first buoy. It was hanging on the usual hook, but children had been playing with it, and it was lashed with spun-yarn. I was wrenching this away, and the ship was rushing on, and the child getting farther and farther astern, when a voice close by me said, "What's up?" I gasped out, "Tommie's overboard."

"You fool!" It was the passenger who had been sleeping in his chair. Then he sent out a piercing yell of "Man overboard!" and without waiting for the buoy he jumped. But he jumped in vain.

As in a horrid dream I heard the bridge-telegraph promptly answer that yell. As in a dream I saw the patent life-buoy, smartly let go from the

bridge, rush past me, sending up a column of black smoke.

The knocking of the engines died away, and then the ship shuddered as they were reversed. As in a dream the decks, so lately empty and silent, were swarming with people. They were all peering back over our course, and they were all asking what had happened, who had fallen overboard. I kept well in the background, knowing that the boat which had gone away would explain everything in good time. But through the crowd came one, and she was looking for me, and then the dream ended. It was the child's mother, and she said "Where's Tommie, steward?" The boat was long away. Then as she began to come our way, glass after glass was brought to bear on her. Then glass after glass went back to its case, and the owner went quietly away. There was no Tommie in the boat, only the dripping figure of the man who had done too late and in vain what I might have done promptly and successfully. After steaming round on what we all knew was a vain search, we continued once more on our course.

I was not, however, by keeping in the background, to escape the ordeal of being examined as to how the child had gone overboard. When his would-be rescuer denied all knowledge of what had occurred and pointed to me as being the man who must know something about it, I had to give my version of what I had seen, and I could see that it was not looked on as a satisfactory account. Still no one could, at least openly, blame a steward for not jumping overboard to save life; and no one knew I could swim like a fish. But a steward came along presently and told me to hand over my deck-steward's armet and to go below to the purser: and I here received notice of dismissal. I had been respon-

sible for the child's safety during the lunch hour: and I had not shouted "Man overboard." Had I anything to say? No, I had nothing. I was sent to duty below.

Had my fellow-stewards shunned or refused to speak to me it could not have been worse for me. My own feelings supplied all the misery that my human nature was capable of feeling. As a matter of fact, I received sympathy for what was termed my bad luck, as is often the case among subordinates who happen to fall foul of their employers. It was all one to me. A man less of a coward would have thrown himself overboard rather than have that mother's face haunting him. I can hardly even now bear to think of an interview I had with her on the day that she left the ship, when she told me she did not blame me, that I was not to blame myself, and gave me one of the child's trinkets.

One has read of the bludgeonings of Fate—I knew from that day that my most miserable failing had been bludgeoned out of me.

I was at sea for many years after this: but perhaps the hardest blow of all was that Fate never gave me another chance. It can never come now.

VIII.

This was the story of him whom I have called John Smith. It was told in June. And his chance came before that summer was dead. And this is how he used his chance.

A fine morning with a tang of autumn in it had turned into a gusty, dirty forenoon. Late in the afternoon it was blowing half a gale, and more coming. And by sundown more, much more wind had come, and was blowing into the jaws of our little bay. The sea had got up, and was booming continually on the beach beneath the shriller note of the wind. All the boats had been dragged well up off shore,

and the bathing machines partially blocked our little street. By eight o'clock someone who possessed a wind-gauge said it was blowing hurricane force, *i. e.*, over ninety miles an hour, and coasting vessels don't expect that sort of a blow in September. Under the shelter of a wall we had remained out, enjoying the frantic turmoil of wind and wave, till dinner-time. We were not half through that meal, when there was a stir without; and word went round that there was a vessel in distress, burning blue flares and coming ashore. As we fought our way on to the lawn, up went a rocket from the beach, but the hurricane blew it straight up, and then inland. A tremendous sea was now running, the broken water glimmering faintly through the darkness. And the noise of sea and wind was mingled in one fearful sound. When we got, somehow, down to the beach, we found a group of men gathered round a lantern. From them we learnt that the vessel, a coasting ketch, had driven right into the bay, and had now struck about a hundred yards from where we were. She still lived—that and her build could be seen by an occasional flare that she burnt. Another rocket, and another, went up, and each time a failure. The wind was too terrific for any hope from that means. It was when the last rocket failed that John Smith had his long-looked-for chance. We were now gathered under the lee of a wall, where we could hear ourselves speak, though with great difficulty. There was the usual last desperate chance, if man there was who could be found to take it. Though the sea was tremendous, the vessel lay close in, scarce one hundred yards from the beach. A strong swimmer might possibly carry a line to her. Present were several young men and stout swimmers. But it was not amongst them (small blame

to them) that the man was found.

John Smith was the man. Without a word he began to strip, paying scant attention to remonstrances. To one more insistent than the rest, who said that Smith was too old to have "any business" to attempt what seemed impossible to younger and stronger swimmers, he replied, "And what do you know about my business, my friend?" The words conveyed no special meaning to any one there saving the speaker and two of us: and we knew that he was going down to do his business in great waters, and that that business was the washing away of the stain that lay across a lifetime.

No British longshoremen may refuse to permit even the smallest chance of help to a vessel in distress. So John Smith stripped, and when he had done so, and the last hope had died out that the crew of the vessel had floated a line ashore, buoyed to a cask—there were men on the lookout for this up and down the beach,—skilful hands adjusted the light line about his shoulders, and again we battled our way to the beach. Here three men, a fourth nursing the lantern, tended the slack of the line. Closer to the sea stood Smith, his white body glimmering in the darkness. A huge seventh wave loomed out of the murk, grew suddenly white, crashed on the beach, and then went snarling back and back over the shingles. Then the white body disappeared into the sound and into utter darkness. The line began to slip out and out: the lantern told us that much. Twenty yards went. Then a check. Then it started again—thirty, forty, fifty, sixty yards. The swimmer must be nearing the vessel now.

But no more line went out.

They hauled handsomely on the line and brought back, and retrieved from the back-wash of the wave that

helped it to shore, all that remained of John Smith.

The last flare burnt out, and soon wreckage began to come ashore.

That vessel with all hands, and many another, caught out on that fear-

Blackwood's Magazine.

ful September night, was lost. But all that, somehow, seemed a small matter, when next day we looked on the face of one recently alive and broken. Now, dead, certainly, but . . . mended.

"IF EVERY FACE WERE FRIENDLY."

It actually happens to most of us when we are born, and for some time after; but this must be simply because we are weak. Few infants are beautiful; still fewer meritorious; and indeed the friendliest face of all is hers whom our one exploit has just afflicted with intolerable pain. To some of us again it will happen when we die, and again (I suspect) because we are helpless and nothing matters. We protest against the first insult with a feeble wailing:—

On parent knees, a naked new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st while all around thee smiled.

To the last we oppose that mask of scorn, calm, set, impassive, which even a weakling must win in the end, —yea, though all his days have been spent in truckling to his fellows. In the interim we have one job to do in the world and he to whom every face is friendly may be sure that he is shirking it.

When this question was posited, I passed it on to Cynthia, my "dear critic of the hearth." "You, of all men!" she commented, having reason only too dire to know my instinct for lost causes and forsaken beliefs—or rather, for causes that have nothing to lose, and beliefs that still await the compliment of betrayal. In truth on ninety-nine points out of the hundred she finds me a dubious, hesitating Christian; whereas on the hundredth I am (to her equal if not greater disap-

pointment) firm as a rock. The rock stands on no base of doctrine, though I drag in doctrine to support it when we argue across the table. I have an in urable trick of liking my adversary.

She, always practical, demands to know if I agree with mine adversary while in the way with him; and then undoubtedly she may score a point. But I yet maintain that an enemy serves you more constantly than a friend, *for he seldom disappoints*. It is good sense if poor rhyme, that

He who would love his fellow men
Must not expect too much of them.

We expect too much of friends, too little of enemies, and so the enemies get more than their share of chances. Upon us, on the other hand, rests an obligation to be more constant in amity than in hate, especially in public life. "It is our business," says Burke, "to cultivate friendships and to incur enmities; to have both strong, but both selected; in the one to be placable, in the other immovable." A man is permitted to rest under illusion concerning his friends, as woe betide him if he do not cherish a lifelong illusion concerning his wife! But if he truly desires to see himself steadily as others see him as a help to the *know thyself* recommended by sages, let him keep an eye on his enemies rather than any looking-glass which reflects him in his favorite postures. There is a story of a man whose hate of another man went deep as hell. In the

end he could endure the other man no moment longer; so he killed him and buried him (as nearly as he could to hell). But the corpse was no sooner out of the way than the survivor began to suffer from a loneliness, which turned into an unendurable restlessness and drove him at length to visit the grave and disinter his victim. He dug lower, in the end tossing aside his spade and digging with clawed hands, ghoulishly. So he dug until, laying bare a face, he gazed and recognized it for his own.

Of all parables known to me this is about the truest. As iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his—enemy, and is sharpened and shaped by it. I am not preaching that in public life a man shall be a Phocion or a Coriolanus. Coriolanus held his fellow-creatures in a scorn which (had he possessed logic) stultified all service of them. He was, to be short, a mere monstrous egoist. I think better of Phocion for the legacy which, when his countrymen put him to death, he left to his son—"Bid him never revenge the wrong the Athenians do me." That was noble; it anticipated practically on the lips of a man going to his doom a truth which Marcus Aurelius afterwards expressed at leisure:—"The best kind of revenge is, not to become like unto them." Yet I am sure Phocion was vain and wrong when, making a speech which the public interrupted with applause, he turned to a friend at his elbow and asked, "Have I said anything foolish?" If he so despised assent, why need he have made any speech at all? Unless a man be hopeful of some power to persuade I cannot conceive what business he has, or can think he has, upon a platform.

We are here, as I suppose, to strive with the multitude; not to be its slaves and as little to be its scorners, to persuade it, and as a preliminary, to un-

derstand it; to understand even its wrath, for its wrath at best pays us the compliment of being interested in us. If we believe with Ecclesiasticus, that no man is more faithful than the counsel of our own heart, that "a man's mind is sometimes wont to tell him more than seven watchmen that sit above in a high tower"—and if we have the pluck to stand by that belief, we may likely enough at some time in our lives find that wrath denounces us as enemies of our country or of religion, and be under the bitter necessity of learning, with Ibsen's Doctor Stockmann, that the strongest man on earth is he who stands alone. How terrible, for example, was that ordeal of a nation's hate through which Bright and Cobden passed in the first year of the Crimean war, and how gloriously they stood it! Recall Bright's letter, written in the worst of it, to a Mayor of Manchester who had invited him to attend a meeting for the Patriotic Fund:—

"You must excuse me if I cannot go with you: I will have no part in this terrible crime. My hands shall be unstained with the blood that is being shed. The necessity of maintaining themselves in office may influence an Administration; delusions may mislead a people; Vettel may afford you a law and a defence. But no respect for men who form a Government, no regard I have for *going with the stream*, and no fear of being deemed wanting in patriotism, shall influence me in favor of a policy which in my conscience I believe to be as criminal before God as it is destructive of the true interest of my country."

There are cranks in this world, some of whom seem to shape their actions with an eye on posterity. There are even stranger cranks—and I think Phocion was one—who would seem to posture for the approval of antiquity. ("D——n the age. I will write for antiquity!" vowed Lamb

when an editor rejected a sonnet of his as likely to shock the contemporary public.) But the above letter of Bright's has no sly glance forward, or backward, or upward at Her Majesty's Ministers of that date, the nation's watchmen seated above in the high tower; but inward, upon the counsel of his own heart, and to be fired by the pride of his own manliness. "A little touch of something like pride," says an old seventeenth century writer, "is seated in the true sense of a man's own greatness, without which his humility and modesty would be contemptible virtues!"

Indeed a man has in the end less to fear from this wrath of the public than from the smiles of a world that would allure him to be one with it, and one at the same time with the flesh and the devil. When the powerful change their face and flatter us, that is the time to beware. There lies the crisis, to maintain good manners and yet keep up the combat. "It is easy," says Emerson, "to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in soli-

tude to live after one's own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

Yet I suppose we all have a longing to end well-beloved. But a few of us can hope for any continuance of fame; and as the poorest look forward to something of a funeral, so the mass of the better-to-do hanker for a handful at least of genuine mourners:—

All I can
My worldly strife shall be;
They one day say of me,
"He died a good old man."

The shortest way to this would seem to be by living bravely, loving where we can, dealing courteously, endeavoring to give our adversaries credit for good intentions. No one—if men were frank—can give us sixpennyworth of information concerning any other world we may inhabit; but there's a pleasure in leaving a name to call up, when men happen to remember it, a certain light in the eyes and the impulsive words, "I wish you had known him!"

Arthur Quiller Couch.

The British Review.

THE RAVEN.

As a breeding bird the raven has long been exterminated in this county—Shropshire—but in the spring of 1910 a pair were seen for a month or two in the very valley among the Church Stretton hills where ravens used to nest in bygone times. This may only have been a coincidence, but it was at least a very curious one. The attachment of ravens to some particular locality has been only too well tested in other districts, where the unfortunate birds have endeavored year after year to make their nests, only to be robbed, if not shot at. In several cases, where one of the pair was killed the other disappeared, to

return shortly with a fresh mate—this went on until both were destroyed. The distance covered by the birds when on such journeys must have been enormous, though when one considers their great stretch of wing it is not so incredible. It also seems strange that the surviving bird could so readily find a mate, but no doubt there are a certain number of unattached ones about—bachelors or spinsters as the case may be—who would readily accept an eligible match in the shape of a raven who is the owner of a really nice nesting-place.

In defence of their home, a pair of ravens are very bold, and some time

ago there appeared in one of the weekly papers an account of two attacking and driving off a golden eagle. It was on one of the Scotch deer forests, and the ravens had their home on a hill-side, but when a great eagle came sailing lazily past—it seemed from the description that the bigger bird had just had a heavy meal—they did not hesitate to fly at the “monarch of the air,” whom they worried so much that he hurried off, nor did the smaller birds desist until they had driven him quite away, when they returned with croaks of triumph.

The voice of the raven cannot be called musical, and many superstitions are founded on its croak. In the nursery rhyme the farmer's mare did not tumble down until the raven croaked, and it is said to be extraordinarily unlucky to hear one; however, I had always desired to know what the sound was like, and when offered a couple of young birds as pets I accepted with delight, thoughts of the wonderful raven that Dickens wrote of in *Barnaby Rudge* floating through my mind as I did so. The two young ravens arrived by an evening train at our little country station. I was not there to meet them myself, but the boy who was sent to fetch them told me all about it.

“I sees the guard put a big basket out on the platform, and then that there station-master went to pick it up, but the birds inside gave sich a caw, an’ didn’t he jump. Miss! An’ he says to me, ‘call ‘em birds, they sounds more like an engine letting off steam!’”

Such was the account the boy gave me as we stooped over the basket, cutting knots in string and endeavoring to release the captives. At last we had the cover off, and a great black bird flopped out almost into the lad's face and away round the room. The youth gave a frightened yell and al-

most tumbled backwards, but, crying to him to hold number two, I soon caught the first, and then we took them to their cage, which was a fair-sized building of wire-netting.

Bearing in mind the traditional character of these birds I suggested calling them Satan and the Evil One, but the names did not meet with public approval, and Ben and Joe was what they were eventually named. At first the latter names really seemed the more appropriate, for two more quiet, timid, or well-behaved creatures one could not have wished to meet with. They never uttered a sound except when frightened, which was not seldom, for considering they had been bred in captivity they were far from tame. Nor did they seem to appreciate my efforts to hand-feed them—they had only just left the nest and could not yet feed themselves—which had this advantage, they very quickly learnt to pick up little bits of meat for themselves. However, I saw that in this way I should never get them really tame, so went and consulted our cook—to have an ally in the cook is a very useful thing where animals and birds are concerned—who soon agreed to take the ravens under her special care if I clipped their wings and placed them in the walled-in yard that the kitchen doors opened into. Here they would have the benefit of plenty of society, to say nothing of good things to eat, such as scraps that the cook might happen to have at her disposal. For the first few days no one would have known the birds were in the yard, save for a notice affixed to the door, “Please Shut this Door, because of the Ravens,” but at the end of a week they left their retreat in the coal-hole and began to explore; at the end of two weeks they had invaded the kitchen, and at the end of three they had lost all fear, and become, as their friend the cook ex-

pressed it, "as bold as brass, if not a good bit worse!"

Soon they could only be kept out of the house by always shutting the doors, and gradually the mild, meek, innocent birds began to develop very decided characters not at all in keeping with such commonplace names as Ben and Joe—the cook was heard to say, "Devils, devils! They're worse than devils!" Indeed they had become the veriest imps of mischief. As an example, though provided with a tin of water in which to bathe—which they did daily—when they found a basin in the back kitchen, with a large cabbage laid inside it, these two birds pulled the vegetable out on to the sink, and thence on to the floor; after which they got into the pan and proceeded to splash the water over their shiny black feathers, and incidentally far and wide over the floor, but when they heard footsteps it did not take them a second to jump out, off the sink, through the door, and hop away to their refuge the coal-hole, where they croaked loudly to each other.

They were, and are—for I have them at the moment of writing and can hear their voices raised in protest on some subject or other—very fond of washing, hardly ever missing a daily tub, and always taking it together. For instance, Joe, after hesitating on the verge of the cold water for some seconds, steps hesitatingly in and splashes a few drops over his shoulders; whereupon Ben comes hopping up, gives Joe a poke, makes him get out—which he does with ruffled feathers, making strange sounds in his throat—and gets in instead. Joe will not wait long. Soon he turns Ben out, gets in again and has a further splash about. And so they go on, first one and then the other being in the pan, until both are as wet "as a drowned rat," and the water is black with coal-dust washed from

their plumage. When at last they are satisfied that it is impossible to get any damper they retire to the top-most lump of coal in the "coal-hole," and dry and preen their feathers.

It is among the coal that they hide their bigger treasures, for they are great at secreting things, but small objects are placed carefully in holes that they have drilled in the soft sandstone of one of the yard walls. It is astonishing what holes they have dug out with their strong beaks between the blocks of stone, and in one or two spots into the rock itself. Here they bring any small pieces of food they have over, push it into one of the holes, tucking any stray bit in with the greatest care, and finally ram in two or three ivy leaves or a few bits of straw so that nothing shall be visible. Uneatable things that happen to take their fancy are treated in the same manner, and I have seen Joe stow away a brightly colored marble, the stump of a yellow pencil, and a bit of rag, one after the other, but never forgetting to hide them with leaves, which precaution is very necessary as they love to steal from one another—an extra loud cry generally meaning that the owner of some special treasure has caught his brother carrying it off and is pursuing him round and round the yard.

They usually settle their differences without much loss of time; indeed, there appears to be the greatest affection between the two birds, and one may frequently see them caressing each other with their great strong bills in the gentlest and most loving manner. Should they lose sight of one another their anxiety is intense; but they are seldom apart, for whatever the one does so does number two! They always combine their efforts, whether bent on mischief or defence against a common foe; for instance, should one of the cats appear in the

kitchen doorway, perhaps venturing a few steps into the yard, they will at once cease the tug-of-war that they were having with a small stick, and after glancing at each other with shining grey eyes (their eyes are the least black part of them) proceed to the attack.

Puss has perhaps come a few paces out into the yard and sat down to lick her paws and wash her face, though keeping a cautious eye on one of the ravens who peeps at her from behind the pump. While Ben engages her attention in this fashion, Joe is stealthily creeping up behind her; a step at a time, one by one he comes, walking sideways like a crab, and looking the personification of wickedness. At last he is within reach of her tail, which is stretched out on the pavement, and which she gives an occasional twitch to as she keeps a doubtful eye on Ben. Joe pauses, then takes one more hesitating step, and very gingerly another—suddenly he leans forward and tweaks the tip of that twitching tail! With a frantic mew the cat springs round, but Joe is already halfway across the yard, and her other foe hopping out from the shelter of the pump gives her another pinch from that side! So it goes on, whichever way the cat turns there is a bird ready to pull her tail, and at last poor puss beats a hasty retreat, spitting furiously, and with all her dignity upset; indeed, it takes quite half an hour's licking and cleaning before she feels that she is presentable again.

The feud began through the cats stealing the birds' foods, but they seldom venture to do so now.

Nominally the ravens are fed on rabbit flesh, but all sorts of other things are included in their diet, for there is very little they will not eat when they think it is stolen. They carry off from the kitchen almost everything they can lay their bills

upon: raw potatoes, green peas, butter, bread, cheese, meat—either cooked or raw—dog biscuit; indeed, all comes alike, even uneatable things, such as spoons being carried off and hidden among the coal. Butter is perhaps the greatest treat that can be offered them, and they will take it off one's fingers with the uttermost gentleness, not even giving the smallest pinch by mistake. Next to butter in their estimation comes cheese, and they will even fly up on to my knees when I am sitting down to get a piece if I have some in my hands.

The way the ravens catch is quite extraordinary. I have never seen a dog to equal them; they do not open their bills, but just nip up anything that is flung to them. I have seen my brother take a handful of peas and throw them one by one to Ben; the bird never missed a catch unless the pea was very badly thrown, and, as he did not want to eat all that were given him, he held them in his beak until the pouch in his lower jaw was nearly bursting, and yet he went on catching! At last he took his beakful of treasures and hid them in one of the holes in the wall.

The staple food of these birds is, as I said before, rabbit, but they also have rats, mice, and birds when any chance to be killed, though on one or two occasions they have done the killing for themselves. One day an innocent little duckling found its way into the raven's dominion, but Joe quickly captured it, carried it off to the coal-hole, and before it could be rescued he had stilled its squeaks for ever, nor did it take the two of them long to dispose of the body!

When eating a rabbit the ravens generally pull out and swallow its eyes, for eyes they evidently consider a special tid-bit; indeed, they often have quite angry disputes as to which shall have them, but it is Ben who

generally secures them. Ben, though slightly the smaller of the two birds, is certainly master—or can it be mistress? This raven is always referred to as “he” but I have grave doubts whether “she” would not be more correct; however, the name Ben generally settles which pronoun shall be used, yet I strongly suspect that when poor Joe gets so “bullied,” he is literally being well hen-pecked.

Excepting the very slightest difference in size, and that perhaps Joe has a trifle the broader head, they are exactly alike, and it requires a good acquaintance with them before one can tell them apart; though as a matter of fact, however alike they may be in the matter of glossy black plumage, in character they are quite different. Ben is a more cautious bird than Joe, while the latter though so bold with friends is certainly the more timid when strangers are about. Indeed both birds dislike people, cats or dogs they are not acquainted with, and, when any person they do not know appears, they promptly retire into their stronghold, the coal-hole, whence they survey the new comer in safety.

I am very anxious to allow them their liberty, for I do not think as long as their wings are kept partly clipped that they will attempt to go away from the place that they now look upon as home, but other people will not hear of it: they recount the deaths of those young ducklings that rashly came into the yard, and point to the way both ravens rush to the door whenever they hear a duck quack or a chicken squeak, and turning their heads upside down gaze with longing eyes through the tiny crack at the bottom! No, indeed it would never do to allow such wicked birds their liberty I am told. And it must be admitted that they probably would do a good deal

of damage by eating eggs, and perhaps young chickens, for, apart from what one knows they can do in this way, the very shape—slightly curved—of their great strong beaks shows that naturally they are fleasheaters more than vegetarians. As I have said before, both Ben and Joe will eat green peas and potatoes, but not with any great relish, nor does fruit seem to appeal to them very much. Ben will not touch it, though Joe does not mind strawberries and gooseberries. In a wild state a raven's diet must be very varied, even more so than any other member of that omnivorous genus the crows. No description of carrion comes amiss, from a dead sheep to fish, while even insects are accepted thankfully. One observer found in examining the castings that had been thrown up by a raven—these birds have the power of rejecting the indigestible portion of their food in the same manner that owls and hawks do—that they were mainly composed of the cocoons of the Oak Egger moth: evidently the raven had enjoyed a good meal of the pupæ which it had found in their cocoons on some low-growing shrubs.

Notwithstanding that this bird may sometimes be useful by destroying such insects, in general it is far from being a blessing, and the reason it is so rapidly becoming scarce in Great Britain is not far to seek, for where game preserving is much indulged in it could never be tolerated, though perhaps one may say this much for it, that as a scavenger it has its uses.

Talking, or rather writing, of it as a scavenger, reminds me of what was said before concerning the bad character given it by people of a superstitious mind, and the reason why becomes much more apparent when one is intimately associated with a pair of the birds. Given sufficient credulity it would not be difficult to imagine

that these bright-eyed, quick-moving, impudent creatures were evil spirits in birds' plumage. Apart from the glossiness of their black feathers, black legs and bill (which is even black inside, the dark hue extending to the tongue and throat), they are so intensely black that "black as a raven's wing" has passed into a proverb, while this sombre hue to ignorant minds seems a further indication that they are in league with the Evil One. Probably its real use is to give warning to any more powerful bird that they are not worth attacking, their flesh being too bitter to eat. It is noteworthy that all our English crows are conspicuously colored, and none of the flesh-eating creatures care for their meat, for it is very bitter in every case. However, this view of the matter does not occur to the average countryman, and he sticks to the old tales, except in those districts where ravens have been so long exterminated that their memory has even gone from old stories and legends, in which the magpie has had to be inserted as the hero in place of the larger bird.

If the raven has a wicked look when on the alert there is also something almost awe-inspiring about it when at rest, or when merely quietly

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waiting for an opportunity to accomplish some deed.

To show the hold this bird had on the imaginations of our forefathers it may be mentioned that in ancient days, when hunting the deer was an exact science and the disposing of the slaughtered stag a most solemn matter, a certain portion was always allotted to it.

..... raven on the blasted oak,
That, watching while the deer is broke,
His morsel claims with sullen croak?

wrote Sir Walter Scott, in allusion to this custom, and in reference to the uncanny way the raven has of making an appearance whenever there is any dead thing it can take its share of.

To sum up the character of our friend the raven, one may say that though many highly imaginative tales have been told of it, and it has at times been sadly maligned, yet it is one of the cleverest and most interesting of our English birds, though perhaps somewhat mischievous where game is concerned, but for all that worth protection, if only to prevent it being altogether exterminated, and that we will hope is yet far far away, for we could ill-afford to lose the hero of so much folk-lore.

Frances Pitt.

BACON OR SHAKESPEARE AGAIN.

Writing from Ratisbon in the 'eighties—the 'eighties of the seventeenth century—Sir George Etherege amuses his friend the Duke of Buckingham by suggesting how very differently life might be conducted if we were able to reckon our years according to the Patriarchs. Etherege, if he had lived at any time within the last half-century, would undoubtedly have added the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy to the list of things that become reasonable and possible in a life of

nine hundred years. But, as the generations at present go, "Bacon or Shakespeare?" is one of those questions which most of us put aside for consideration at some future time. Some of you may one day or another have been put into a corner by this or that ardent Baconian, who said:

H O N O R I F I C A B I L I T U -
8 14 13 14 17 9 6 9 3 1 2 9 11 9 19 20-
D I N I T A T I B U S

4 9 12 9 19 1 19 9 2 20 18 — 287

To which you discreetly answered: "Very possibly. One day, when I have attended to some rather pressing public or private business, I will look into it." But the years pass; "Bacon or Shakespeare?" still lurks reproachfully at the back of your mind; and in moments of more than usual sincerity you realize that at the moment of death "Bacon or Shakespeare?" will be one of a great host of things too long neglected.

But Andrew Lang, in a crowded life, found time for Bacon or Shakespeare. I find a tristful irony in the circumstance that his final verdict upon this controversy was the work of his last years, published posthumously. It lies before me as I write, a solemn reminder that even he, who in his fine manner of mingled pleasantry and scholarship took all knowledge for his province, was in this instance very nearly intercepted. "Now or never," this volume seems to say, "if you honestly intend to go into Bacon or Shakespeare, is the time to do so." Moreover, this book of Lang is more than a memento mori for the literary conscience. It is a warning; but it is also a bribe. Not only has Lang written a closely reasoned and a very valuable introduction to the minutiae of a subject whose demands on a reader's erudition are usually quite appalling. He has also managed to give us an extremely entertaining book. Lang, apart from his rare gift for lively exposition, knew the full value of an occasional discreet diversion from the narrow way. Thus, Baconians have constructed some very ingenious arguments upon the absence of any striking local tradition as to the illiterate Will in his native town of Stratford. Why, Lang has asked in his liveliest manner, should this absence of local tradition in an unlettered town, which

Will abandoned in early youth and returned to in uneventful middle-age, be held in any way remarkable? He continues:

"In 1866 I was an undergraduate of a year's standing at Balliol College, Oxford, certainly not an unlettered academy. In that year the early and the best poems of a considerable Balliol poet were published: he had 'gone down' some eight years before. Being young and green I eagerly sought for traditions about Mr. Swinburne. One of his contemporaries, who took a First in the final classical schools, told me that he was a 'smug'. Another, that, as Mr. Swinburne and his friend (later a Scotch professor) were not cricketers, they proposed that they should combine to pay but a single subscription to the Cricket Club. A third, a tutor of the highest reputation as a moralist and metaphysician, merely smiled at my early enthusiasm and told me nothing. A white-haired college servant said that 'Mr. Swinburne was a very quiet gentleman' . . .

"A very humble parallel may follow. Some foolish person went seeking early anecdotes at my native town, Selkirk on the Ettrick. From an intelligent townsman he gathered much that was true and interesting about my younger brothers, who delighted in horses and dogs, hunted, shot, and fished, and played cricket; one of them bowled for Gloucestershire and Oxford. But about me the inquiring literary snipe only heard that 'Andra was aye the stupid ane o' the fam'ly.' Yet I, too, had bowled for the local club, non sine gloria! Even *that* was forgotten."

Obviously a book upon Shakespeare or Bacon, with diversions (not impertinent to the argument: no good diversions are) as pleasant as these, may be read as much for pleasure as for duty. Here, in fact, is the chance so dear to Mr. Bernard Shaw's Englishman of laying up treasure simultaneously upon earth and in heaven.

Personally I have read for pleasure. Bacon or Shakespeare is still, for me,

¹ "Shakespeare, Bacon and the Great Unknown." By Andrew Lang. London: Longmans. 1912. 9s. net.

one of the many enormous problems that I prefer for the moment to put aside. But there are two particular assumptions of the Baconians, ably dealt with in this book of Andrew Lang, which seem to me very clearly to point one or two necessary morals of this unhappy time. First, there is the implausible assumption that no good thing could possibly come out of Stratford. The Baconians argue that unlettered, barbarian Will, a poacher, who held horses in London, and was a vagabond under the Act, and at most had no more Latin and Greek than could be driven into him at a country grammar school—that this disreputable one could no more have written "Hamlet" than Bottom the ass. Discounting the abuse which the Baconians persistently shower upon poor Will, a player in the company of Burbage, for daring to have stood between illustrious Verulam and his just renown, this particular line of argument amounts to an assumption that genius is necessarily made, not born; that, if any one of us would write "Hamlet" or "Macbeth," it must needs be that a University education has shaped our ends, rough-hew them how we will. This theory of the Divine Right of Secondary Education, emerging in the late nineteenth century, is now so firmly rooted in our midst that many Baconians solemnly begin their contention that Bacon is Shakespeare with the assumption that only a B.A. who moved in the very best society could successfully have furnished forth the folio of 1623. They openly appeal to a generation which really believes that miracles are ceased.

Such, if, for our moral's sake, we accept the Baconian view of the life and character of unfortunate Will, is the first staggering assumption of the Baconians—namely, that souls are to be saved with a syllabus; that genius is only to be found above the wool-

sack, or upon a platform, or in the chair of a duly elected Professor of English Poetry; that, because the Stratford "peasant" had neglected the Hundred Best Books, therefore it is necessary to look for the author of "Hamlet" somewhere else. The second assumption is equally wonderful. It has to do with what the Baconians have called the SILENCE about Shakespeare. Is it not very strange, they say, that so little can be discovered about the man who wrote these wonderful plays? Why did he make so small a splash in the world? Consider how little we can discover about him! Is it not very strange?

Granted. In the view of this twentieth century that has discovered the uses of advertisement, that trumpets the reputation of its little great ones on every possible occasion and writes their biographies before they have decently expired, it is exceeding strange—a strangeness that, oddly enough, began to strike people at about the same time as that other miracle concerning the Shakespeare mystery which we have already examined. Perhaps I may at this point recommend to the notice of all such as too readily assume that the world was always very much as we know it to-day a case equally strange and disconcerting. Sir George Etherege, whose name I happened to mention at the head of this article, was the founder of the English comedy of manners. Nobody knows when he was born; when or where he was married; when he died; why he began to write comedies in 1604; or why he left off writing them in 1676.

Needless to say, when I really make up my mind to go into this Bacon or Shakespeare business I shall neither admit that miracles are ceased nor assume that a great personage has always of necessity employed a Press agent. And I only hope, without any

very sanguine expectation of success, that when the time comes I may keep my head and my temper as imperturb-

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ably as Andrew Lang, and write a book one-half as agreeable.

John Palmer.

MORAL EQUIVOCALS.

There is a feature in the literary taste of to-day that is almost unique in English letters and deserves the attention of the psychologist. "Paradox" is the usual non-analytic description; but all great literature contains an element of paradox, and this particular phase is peculiar to the opening of the twentieth century.

Is there any explanation of the unique whim that loves to hear Mr. Chesterton say, "I should regard any civilization which was without a universal habit of uproarious dancing as being, from the full human point of view, a defective civilization," or Mr. Bernard Shaw's dictum that "people are not the worse for a change" of wives or husbands? On inquiry you find that the most enthusiastic admirers regard these statements as only "pretty Fanny's way," and would at once demand the interference of the police if Mr. Shaw took a second wife or Mr. Chesterton danced *pas seul* in the City Temple. You must not interpret the prophet so solemnly as all that. As a matter of prosaic conviction, the admirers of Mr. Shaw and Mr. Chesterton dislike the ethics and speculative standards of Polynesia just as much as you do; in truth, they regard the failure to take these authors in a Pickwickian sense as a hopeless want of culture on your part. The reviewer who said that "it is not easy to understand what the book means; probably the author himself does not understand," expresses their point of view exactly.

There is no parallel to this among the great Victorians. When Thack-

eray attacked snobbishness, or Dickens brutality, they had no admirers who declared that they "didn't mean it." People liked or disliked them, but both admirers and contemners held them to a prosaic meaning. The habit of regarding an author as the last word in up-to-date cleverness because his avowed opinions are so silly that you prove your dullness by refuting them with due gravity, is a development of the last twenty years.

An increase of tolerance is probably the first explanation that leaps into the inquirer's mind. Half the wild and whirling paradoxes are "riders" upon popular, or at least, tolerable opinions. There is no more marked feature of the commonplace "educated" man of our era than a terror of being thought narrow. He never dreams of thinking Mr. Bernard Shaw right; but he feels that to listen to speculation like this is a duty to the possibilities of civilization. It is just conceivable that the future will regard the sexual customs of the Marquesas Islands as an improvement upon those of Victorian England. It is conceivable, too, that the British Association of 2000 A.D. will regard the Central African medicine-man as wiser than Professor Huxley. The modern man seems nervous about being caught out in this fashion.

But behind the increase of tolerance the most careless eye can diagnose an increase of levity. George Eliot would have felt for our makers of speculative rockets that explode among the most valuable spiritual inheritances of the race something of the hatred Tom

Tulliver had for bankrupts, or the contempt Charles Dickens felt for Skimpole. Our kindly generation allows these speculative Skimpoles to perform, sometimes even pretends that they are "leaders of thought," and asks no awkward questions of their private sincerity. We enjoy the sense of escape from commonplace decency and respectability. Reading these things is like camping out or going barefooted at the seaside. For a brief holiday you get back to the irresponsible mind of the child.

But, one often wonders, is there any permanent influence upon the mind of to-day from this topsy-turvy literature? Every now and then we find Mr. Shaw spoken of as a "pioneer," and his magnetic influence in killing some venerable form of thought or emotion is trumpeted with screaming emphasis. It may reasonably be doubted if his writings have any revolutionary effect. The "paradoxical" method, by its very nature, is always cutting its own throat. If you do not mean what other people mean by religion and morality, we do not know whether you mean a compliment or a disparagement when you call Jones immoral or a church a "petulantly irreligious club." It is quite useless for Mr. Shaw to tell us that the English home is neither pure, nor holy, nor honorable, nor in any creditable sense distinctively English. We simply look up the Shavian vocabulary, and find that Shelley was "purer" than Arnold of Rugby, and Goethe "holier" and more virtuous than Bishop Butler or Mr. Gladstone. The invective at once cancels out into nothing, with the result that if Mr. Shaw has anything to teach, his vocabulary effectively prevents him from teaching it.

It may be questioned whether the scintillating author of "Orthodoxy" has any more permanent influence. Mr. Chesterton is brilliantly success-

ful in exposing Mr. Shaw's materialistic Toryism and Mr. Wells's philosophic confusion. But the dogma that orthodox Christianity has much to say for itself, from the standpoint and canons of fairyland, does not really come into collision with any belief or disbelief. It is, of course, quite true that a believer in fairyland may be called a "freethinker" and "broad-minded," compared with the hide-bound restrictions and intellectual hesitations of a modern scientist or sensible man of the world. In precisely the same fashion a very uneducated Tariff Reformer is too "broad-minded" to trouble about economic law, and feels a certain "mystic freedom" from the narrowing ties of cause and effect. But is it worth while putting a new image and superscription upon the usual conventions of the English language for the sake of results like these? The solid merit of Mr. Chesterton's work would be enhanced, or at least made more manifest, if he sowed with the hand and not with the whole sack. The edge of this kind of cleverness is all too easily dulled by over-use. The essence of his method is that it needs a conventional background to throw it into relief. When this is wanting, it is the most tedious of all styles. To say that drunkenness is really a spiritual sin may arrest our attention for once. Continue this euphemism for a little while, and you are simply changing the places of the words "spiritual" and "material."

Is any of the literature of the "equivocal" school likely to find a place in the permanent roll of English letters? We think not. Some really vital humor (or at least humor not felt at first to be mechanical) is produced by Mr. Shaw's electric brain. But it is difficult to avoid the shrewd suspicion that these saucy flings at conventional morality and decency will be as dreary

to a future generation as Congreve is to us to-day. The great permanent humorist is "juicy"—the roots of him are deep-sunk in the primitive emotions of humanity. There is nothing of this in Mr. Shaw—nothing of Falstaff's or Uncle Toby's sense of riotous enjoyment. The *joie de vivre* is wanting.

In the long run, the moral equivocal falls between two stools. If we take prosaically his oft-repeated "serious convictions" we cannot laugh at his

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humor. If Mr. Shaw really felt a prophet's call to uproot the sexual morality of Christian civilization, the "humorous" scenes of "Man and Superman" would be unendurable even to himself. If Mr. Chesterton really visualized the supernatural universe of "Orthodoxy," his war-dances over Mr. McCabe would be too brutal for words. The world preserves its liking and respect for moral equivocalists by refusing to take them at their word.

LOVE AND THE MILITANTS;

OR, HOW I BECAME AN ANTI-SUFFRAGIST.

I had deferred to speak my heart

Until the bloom of Spring was here,

For *Love*, according to the chart,

Does best about that time of year;

"A fortnight more of fog and mud"

(Thus to my restive bosom spoke I),

"Then let your passion burst in bud

Contemporaneous with the croc!"

But, ere the mists of Jan. had gone

(Supposed a barren month and bare),

Pacing my plot, I lighted on

The flower in question flaming there!

I stood a moment stricken dumb,

Then took and pulled myself together,

Saying, "The crucial hour is come,

Accelerated by the weather!"

I wrote: "Dear Lillian, just a line

To say I love you much the most;

Will you, or will you not, be mine?

Please answer by return of post.

Say 'Yes'—I live; or 'No'—I die!"

Addressed it, duly signed and dated,

Enclosed a stamp for her reply,

Slipped it within the slot—and waited.

Two days—and her response arrived.

It wore (besides a pungent scent)

The air of having just survived

A chemical experiment;

The Pleasures of Work.

I oped it—every pulse aglow,
 My outward mien remaining placid—
 And found her "Yes" (or else her "No"?)
 Deleted by corrosive acid.

And 'twas a Woman's female hand,
 Fingers that *Love* may once have pressed,
 Which did not spare (oh shame!) to brand
His correspondence with the rest!
 A postal order, spoilt that way,
 I could—and easily—afford her,
 But ah! a Young Thing's "Yea" (or "Nay"?)—
 That is a far, far larger order.

So, while I bear once more the strain
 Till four-and-eighty hours are flown
 (To wire were crude, and then, again,
 She isn't on the telephone),
 Racked in a hell not much above
 The lowest depths explored by *Dante*,
 A Woman's despite done to *Love*
 Has wrought of me a raging Ant!

Punch.

Queen Beaman.

THE PLEASURES OF WORK.

Some little while ago I wrote, an article entitled "Work and Wages," in response to which I received many letters. The aim of the article was to show that it is impossible to reckon the appropriate reward by the measure of the hours spent in the toll; that it is a mistake, further, to draw the clear and definite division that we are apt to assume between hours of work and hours of leisure; and, finally, that the largest mistake of all is made when we regard leisure exclusively as pleasure and work exclusively as pain. The sharp division, and the assumption that the latter is to be done as shortly as possible in order to leave all possible time for the enjoyment of the former seems to be the reason of a good deal of dark counsel on this matter. Among the letters which interested

readers have been kind enough to write to me is one which is set rather apart from the others, in that it undertakes to arraign the fundamental arrangement of modern civilization in the West, whereby it is ordained that the young man shall work hard, at first in scholastic preparation, and then in actual performance, and that he shall enjoy his season of leisure only in late middle or in actual old age, when the capacity for keen enjoyment has gone from him. This correspondent writes of the joy of life which we see exhibited by the young ones of all other animals than man, the play of the lambs and all the rest of it, and cites man as exceptional in that the youth of his kind is taken up with dreary tasks and that his playtime arrives only when he has

neither the spirit nor the muscle for play. "If," he writes, "we have to confess ourselves heritors of the curse of Adam, why should we throw all the most heavy burden which that curse brings with it on the shoulders of those who are most able to enjoy freedom from it?"

It all sounds rather plausible argument, but shall we not find, if we consider it, that it is essentially affected with that very error which has been noticed just above as darkening counsel in regard to the relation between work and leisure and the relation of the wage to both? The animals appear sportive enough in their youth, it is true, although the instance of the lambs is rather a far-fetched one, because they are, in reality, no more than children. They are at an age corresponding with that at which none of us expect children to study long or seriously. The majority of the young animals are active and cheerful enough, as we see them, but in what do these occupations consist in which they show activity and cheerfulness? Are they not busily engaged in the serious work of their lives? Surely they are, and the fact that they go about it in this light-hearted way does not imply that it is not necessary work, but merely that it is work which they do with a merry heart, enjoying it, and probably enjoying themselves therein far more than they would if we were to take them into an aviary or cage, where all their wants are provided for.

Of course, we all know that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. The charge that has been brought home to us of late, as a result of the not too flattering verdict to our national pride of the Olympic Games at Stockholm, is that we do not take our play in a sufficiently workmanlike spirit. Whether it is wise to carry the working spirit, which is really

something very like the spirit of professionalism, into games, is surely an open question, but the ideal of work assuredly is that it should be of such character that we can import into it somewhat of the joyous spirit of the games. It would be a dreadful thing if the work were to be all dreary. Even in the most uninspiring toil there is a surprising element of satisfaction in the accomplished task. So, perhaps, unless a complete change was made in human nature, it was not an unmitigated curse that was laid on Adam when he was condemned to labor. The other animals, with which our relationship is closer than the more immediate descendants of Adam imagined it to be, most surely take joy in their labor. The horse is pleased to come from his stable to be saddled. The dog delights in hunting at his master's service; and so, too, the wild things have a joy that is not to be doubted in performance of their naturally appointed tasks. Man's life is more artificial; but the difference is more of degree than of kind. There is no doubt that a man will do better and with less effort work in which he finds pleasure than a task which is not agreeable. Incidentally, from the talk about work and wages, arose discussion as to whether a man could work the longer with his muscles or with his mind. I had no personal doubt that muscular toil could be continued longer, but there were others who held the other view; and some had made personal trial of both forms of effort. To be sure it is difficult to measure the one or the other, for the degree of concentration of mind or of tension of muscle is hard to bring to a fixed standard. The very utmost muscular effort of which a man is capable can only be exerted, as each may very quickly prove to himself, for a few seconds at a time. Of course toil of

that intensity is not to be estimated in such a comparison as this. It is a comparison which has to be made with some reasonableness. One of my correspondents writes interestingly that "your article about mental and physical work in the *Westminster Gazette* puts me in mind of some inquiries which were addressed to various men of science and others of distinguished ability, I think, by Mr. Galton or Professor Huxley. Among the answers received was one in which the writer said that he had been 'incapable of mental fatigue up to the age of forty.' Without accepting this quite literally, I think it may be taken to mean that the writer had never reached the limit of his mental energy and that a very prolonged task would still leave him a reserve of mental energy to draw upon. I think it is hardly possible that an equivalent feeling would exist in any man's muscles under parallel circumstances. Going further back to another record, we have Napoleon's saying that he had frequently labored in State affairs for twenty-four hours together. I dare say, however, that, extraordinary as this is, it might possibly be equalled in way of physical effort. Another fact that bears indirectly on the question is that in some cases of prolonged illness the thinking part of the brain seems to collect, or at all events to possess, all the patient's energy, and to maintain mental activity when the other bodily powers are almost entirely exhausted. I doubt if that portion of the brain and of the spinal cord which actuate the muscles are capable of exhibiting a similar phenomenon."

Doubtless all this will have to be left an open question. There is no means of bringing it to the test. Doubtless, too, man can labor, both mentally and physically, far longer and

with far better effect, at the task in which he takes delight than in one to which he has to drive himself under spur of the necessity of earning a living. The ideal is that the earning of a living should be by means of labor which does give pleasure; and it is the natural ideal, it is the ideal which the other animals realize; man alone, deserting the guidance of instinct for the lead of that reason which is so immensely more valuable to him in the race struggle, has lost, to a great extent, joy in his labor. It is, at the same time, to be noted that he probably would find far less pleasure than he imagines in leisure; and this is a fact which the late industrial troubles and the strikes have brought to the astonished recognition of many men whose ordinary work is on tasks which do not appear exhilarating. It is singular to note that the occupation to which modern man resorts for the employment of his leisure time (since few of Western men find satisfaction in absolute idleness) is just that which was the life work of his first ancestors. He goes a-hunting for his entertainment; they went hunting of sheer necessity—to provide the family food. He does stock-breeding or gardening; a little later in the book of mankind's progress than the hunting chapter we find the human race engaged in the pastoral life; and, turning a few pages more, is a race of agriculturists. So interchangeable, therefore, are these terms, work and pleasure—so artificial, and contrary to both, that line of division often drawn between them. Youth, therefore, ought still, without missing its joy, to be able to take its part in the work, and we should remember that, when the powers and the zest to play go, the best power of work is waning also; even if the interest in the work survive.

Horace Hutchinson.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

An intensely serious book is "The Advance of Woman," by Jane Johnson Christie. Its aim is to make clear woman's place in the whole scheme of things, and according to the author that place is a supreme one. Far back beyond the shadowy beginnings of history the reader is allowed to study the dumb progenitors of mankind, and to observe the important position of the female among them. Then early society is discussed in which woman was the natural ruler. With the historical period and the accession of man to supreme power, the author shows him as triumphing through superior physical strength derived biologically from ancestors who developed such characteristics in order to win the attention of the female. Two chapters follow on the degradation of woman through the centuries and a summary of her achievements in spite of her handicaps. In closing, the author exhorts the public to recognize woman's true position and her duties. The book is characterized by sincerity, unity of structure, and enthusiasm. J. B. Lippincott Company.

Under the title "Uriel" have been collected such poems by Percy MacKaye as are commemorative in their nature. The poem from which the volume takes its name is one which was written in memory of William Vaughn Moody, shortly after his death. It is a beautiful example of elegiac verse, and sings not only William Vaughn Moody's power of visioning and the splendor of his imagination, but also the intimate human qualities brought out by the close friendship which existed between the two men. Still another poem "To the Fire Bringer" is dedicated to this dead poet. Graceful and epigrammatic are the verses

upon "The Return of Ellen Terry" and "The Sibyl" dedicated to Edwin Gordon Craig voices the inspiration kindled by reading the latter's volume on "The Art of the Theatre." The influence of Browning upon Mr. MacKaye and the admiration he feels for the great Victorian poet are expressed in "Invocation," and "Browning to Ben Ezra." Other poems celebrate various events and occasions, among them Peary's discovery of the North Pole. The collection, small as it is, may be considered representative of Mr. MacKaye's best work, showing the variety of his interests, the patriotism of his sentiments and his powers of imaginative insight. Houghton, Mifflin Company.

Baroness Orczy likes nothing better than to give her books misleading titles, and her "Meadowsweet" is a good example of her skill in coquetting with her readers. She beguiles them into expecting a tale of gentle rusticity, and gives them a London romance wherein a flirt of the latest Georgian days is matched against her own sister in a struggle for the affections of a young naval officer. The battle is cleverly fought, and ends only at the last page, but it ends by meting out poetic justice to the principal characters. As for the small comic chorus which flutters about the scene, it is composed of a naturalist, oblivious to every thing except his books, and his specimens; his wife, a kind but dull creature; a maid-servant of miraculous stupidity; and an old bachelor of that thoroughgoing unadulterated selfishness which obtains what it wants every where and always, simply by insisting upon it, and a very good chorus it is. The hero of the book is not the rather simple young lover, but the coquette's hus-

band, who restores the young lovers to happiness and confounds all his wife's machinations. Sir Baldwin Jerfreys stands not far below Sir Peter Teazle and Sir Leicester Dedlock. George H. Doran Co.

No very acute prescience is necessary to divine from the title of "*Joyful Heatherby*" that the heroine is of New England stock, but readers thirsting for broad dialect and intense rusticity will be sadly disappointed in her story. She is as erratic as thistledown, and her gift for wandering is supplemented by the conduct of the men and women with whom Mrs. Emma Payne Erskine has surrounded her. Either by actual effort, or by accident, first one and then another of them forces her to abandon her successive refuges, and although the last page seems to place her in assured happiness and affluence, one does not feel perfectly certain that she may not seek pastures new before one can close the cover. The author has risked the dangerous experiment of following Richardson in plunging his heroine into the horrors of a house of ill-repute, and although she is more fortunate than Clarissa, the scenes through which she passes, and the persons whom she encounters, are such as the Young Person should not be asked to consider, but they are no worse than even Georgiana Podsnap would inevitably encounter in the daily newspaper, and they are nowhere treated sensationally. The story has more than one side-interest, and her portrait of the Boston woman who seeks something more refined and congenial than simple Christianity, and of the inventor who for years sacrifices himself to his father's ignorance and his brother's selfishness are almost too interesting to occupy secondary positions. Little, Brown and Company.

In the novels which have appeared

during the last few years there have been many characters that were interesting, many that were admirable, and a few to whose charm readers unconditionally surrendered. To A. S. M. Hutchinson's novel "*The Happy Warrior*" we owe the unusual pleasure of meeting a character presented by the novelist in a brilliant and finished manner, one whose qualities are those of the highest type of modern man combined with a grace and idealism sometimes referred to as "old world." Real and impressive as Percival is, the subordinate characters are drawn with the same care and interest. The work is a strange and successful blending of all that is best in contemporary realism with the characteristics which made many of the Victorian novels household treasures all over the world. The *Happy Warrior*, Percival, is an English youth whose career we follow from earliest childhood. Defrauded of his right to a title, his aunt brings him up in ignorance of the fact, biding such time as the blow of the truth may fall most effectively upon those who have wronged him. The threads of Percival's loyalty become entwined in the lives of those who are his natural enemies, and the solving of the problem makes one of the strongest stories in many years. For the most part the scene is laid in an English country village, but there is no lack of thrilling action. Above all, and this cannot be said for many other powerful contemporary novels, the book is pleasant; it is true to life and therefore not without shadows and great sorrows, but the emphasis is optimistic. At the same time gentle and virile, humorous yet without bitterness, brilliant but human, it establishes for its author an assured place among the English novelists whose work is of more than temporary interest. Little, Brown and Company.